

# The Sketch

No. 778.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

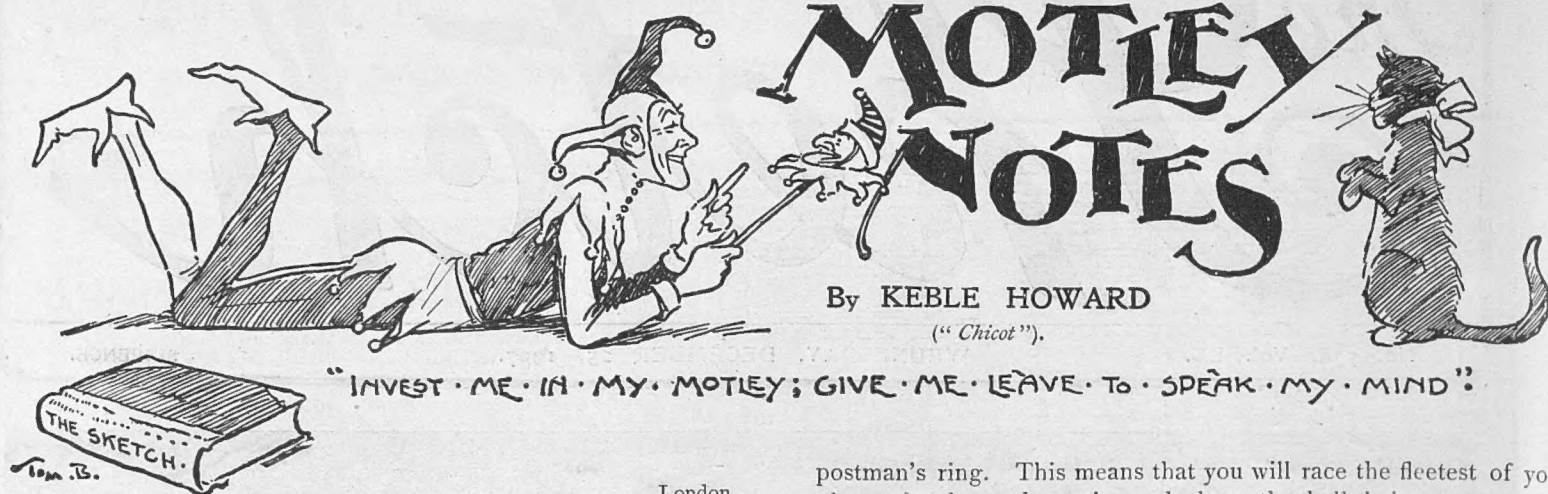


MAID MARIAN'S CHRISTMAS: MISS MADGE VINCENT IN A WINTRY FRAME.

Miss Madge Vincent, who is the sister of Miss Ruth Vincent, and, it will be remembered, appeared with considerable success in "Amästs," is to play Maid Marian in Drury Lane's pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," which is due for production to-morrow, Boxing Day. Miss Queenie Leighton was to have been the Robin Hood, but has met with an accident, and her place is to be taken by Miss Agnes Fraser.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by the Dover Street Studios.





### The Wooing of Christmas.

Grown-up people are particularly stupid about Christmas. You will hear them say that they are glad when it is all over, as though that were a cause for self-congratulation. The man who cannot enjoy Christmas is a fool. The woman who cannot enjoy Christmas is the feminine equivalent of a fool. They lack imagination, initiative, impulse, enterprise, courage, sympathy, intuition, understanding, compassion, and blood. They are sawdust creatures, unworthy of consideration. You can enjoy the toothache if you have imagination. (The only thing that nobody can ever enjoy, including poets, is the earache.) If, then, it is possible to enjoy the toothache, how much more should you be able to enjoy the most festive, the most companionable, the most human season of the year? You will hear people say that Christmas is spoiled by the practice of extorting tips. But so long as you have a dinner to eat, and a glass of port wine to drink, and somebody to eat and drink with, and a bed to sleep in, and a roof over your head, and enough clothes to keep out the cold, what does it matter how many tips they extort? Give, and give, and give, and then thank heaven that there's something left for yourself, knowing perfectly well that you can lay no claim to it on the score of individual merit.

### The Fool Reflects.

The average man of anything between twenty-five and a hundred wakes up on Christmas morning and says to himself: "Well, I don't see much in it. I feel much the same as I do on ordinary mornings. There seems to be a good deal of chattering in the kids' rooms. I wish the little brats would dry up and give a fellow the chance of snatching another half-hour's snooze. I suppose the post will be late, and the household disorganised, and it's ten to one my tea will be too strong when somebody kindly remembers to bring it up. By the way, I wonder whether I shall be expected to turn out for church? Just as though it wasn't bad enough to have to go through the knee-drill on Sundays without having these extra days chucked in! Hope nobody will send me any cards or any rot of that sort. They ought to know by now that I never dream of sending any myself, but women are such confounded idiots in matters of that sort. All right to flirt with, but such rotters when it comes to sentiment! Get beastly shirty if you don't acknowledge the beastly things. Reminds me that I didn't send poor little Kitty a present. Quite meant to, but clean forgot all about it. Well, can't be helped. It'll do when I get back. What's the difference, after all, between Christmas and the middle of June? None at all, except that it's infernally slushy. Heigho! Wish it was all over!

### How to Start the Day.

Can you wonder that a man who begins the day with reflections of so narrow a nature fails to enjoy Christmas? Let me tell you, Sir, how to mend your complaint. First of all, do not sit up too late on Christmas Eve, and do not put a lot of whisky on a lot of champagne. Get to bed not later than two o'clock, if you are in town (as you should never be if you can help it), or one o'clock if you are in the country. When you are awakened at, say, eight o'clock in the morning by the noise of chattering in the kids' room, jump out of bed, slip on a dressing-gown, and go see what all the fuss is about. You may get a blow over the back of the head from a pillow, but little arms are not very strong, and pillows, anyway, are not very hard. Seize another pillow, and defend yourself as well as you are able against the combined attack of the whole nursery. Beware how you tread, though, for little bare feet are very tender. And beware how you strike, for little legs are not very steady. In the midst of the combat, somebody will hear the

postman's ring. This means that you will race the fleetest of your adversaries down the stairs and along the hall, being very careful not to win, and yet not to lose by too great a margin. The letters sorted and delivered, you will be ready for your tub. What a glow will you be in!

### A Fortress Against Unhappiness.

At breakfast-time you will be fairly quiet, because nobody should be animated at breakfast-time, even on Christmas Day. After breakfast you may take a walk with the boys round the fields, testing the thickness of ice on the ponds or cutting a slide for use later in the day. You will not shirk church, because you will enjoy the dear old melodies, even though they may be indifferently played and indifferently sung. And you will study, with unaffected interest, the various types of humanity around you. Here you will see a mother radiant with pride in her eldest son, home for Christmas Day and Boxing Day, and back to business on Friday. There you will see a pair of lovers, full of confidence in their ability to play the game of Life with greater success than anybody else has ever achieved. You will not laugh at them. You will wish them luck from the bottom of your heart. You will note with reverence the white-haired priest, conducting his simple ritual with humility and faith unbounded; you will think to yourself that he has been doing the same, week in, week out, these forty years, and you will find a new meaning in the words of blessing as they fall from those clean lips. You will leave the church with a strange feeling of love for your fellow-man that is a finer fortress against unhappiness than all the cynicism in the world.

### Inner Meaning of Plum-Pudding.

At dinner-time, I trust, you will be at your very best. You will shirk nothing. You will eat a great deal of turkey, with every possible accessory, and you will attack the plum-pudding as confidently as a schoolboy. Plum-pudding is an indigestible dish at most times, I grant you, but it is not indigestible on Christmas Day if you eat with courage. The scientific eater never misses plum-pudding on Christmas Day. He knows that it was invented, in the days of those who were so much wiser and so much nearer to Nature than ourselves, as the best possible antidote to all the other things that one has to eat. Fear it not, therefore, but swallow it with a grateful palate. Much the same applies to port wine, and punch, and whisky toddy. All these things should be taken at Christmas in great quantities. Even supposing they disagree with you violently, how, I should like to know, could a man die better than in keeping up the joyous feast of Christmas? If punch and port wine kill you, then it is your duty to die. You are no good: you cumber the table. Moreover, you will make a speech after the Christmas dinner. It will not be a long speech or a clever one. It will not be a speech designed to exploit your own ability, but a speech calculated to assure others of your foolishness and set them at ease.

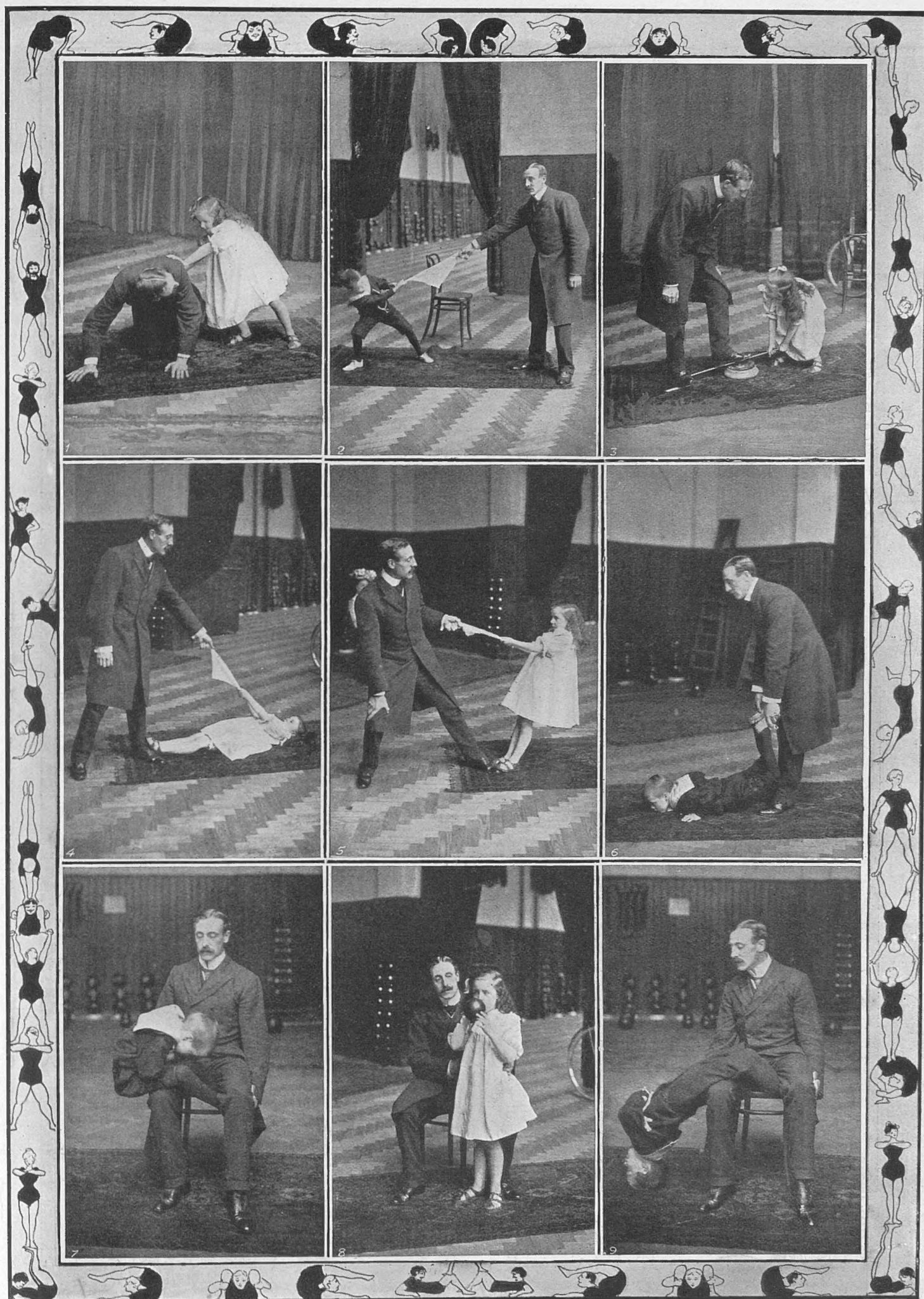
### My Own Christmas.

For myself, friend the reader, I am compelled by certain duties to stay in town. I shall rise as late as possible, and wander round to the club for lunch. There will be nobody in the club but one or two miserable members, who have not the heart to speak to anybody, and four or five waiters, who look upon us as the direct causes of their being on duty, and loathe us accordingly. Then I shall take a walk in the Park, which will be deserted. After that I shall do the work which I am remaining to do, and you will read it the day after Boxing Day, perhaps, and wonder why the tone of it is not more joyous. Do not be too critical, I beg of you. Thank your lucky stars for gay companionship and bright faces, and raise your glass, if you happen to think of it, and drink a little toast to a fairly old, though an unknown friend. And let me say, in return, "God bless you!"



## SHOULD CHILDREN BE STRONGER THAN THEIR PARENTS?

CURIOUS AND EFFECTIVE HOME EXERCISES.



1. PUSHING A CRAWLING FIGURE, IN ORDER TO EXERCISE THE MUSCLES OF THE ARMS AND LEGS.

4. RAISING A CHILD FROM THE FLOOR BY MEANS OF A STRAIGHT PULL; AN EXERCISE THAT STRENGTHENS MANY MUSCLES.

7. TO DEVELOP THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES; THE FIRST POSITION OF THE EXERCISE.

2. PULLING; TO EXERCISE THE MUSCLES OF ARMS AND LEGS.

5. THE FINISH OF THE PREVIOUS MOVEMENT; SHOWING HOW THE CHILD'S FEET ARE PLACED AGAINST THE MAN'S LEFT FOOT.

8. STRENGTHENING THE LUNGS BY BLOWING OUT AN AIR-BALLOON.

3. ATTEMPTING TO LIFT A STICK ON WHICH A MAN IS STANDING; A GOOD FORM OF WEIGHT-LIFTING.

6. AN EXERCISE TO DEVELOP THE ARMS AND SHOULDERS; FOR THE NEXT MOVEMENT THE CHILD RAISES HIMSELF ON HIS HANDS.

9. TO DEVELOP THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES; THE SECOND POSITION OF THE EXERCISE.

We illustrate the newest form of physical culture for children, a form that needs no special apparatus and can be practised without fear of damage to young limbs. It will be noticed that the exercises are simplicity itself, but that does not make them any the less efficacious; indeed, on the other hand, it adds to their value.

Photographs by Ulyett.



IF CHRISTMAS FARE GIVES YOU TOOTHACHE  
YOU MAY CARE TO VISIT THIS SHRINE.



A TOOTHACHE SHRINE IN JAPAN: O-KOMA-SAN PRAYS THAT HER TEETH MAY CEASE FROM TROUBLING,  
AND THAT SHE MAY BE AT REST.

On some of the shrines thousands of written prayers are tied. The great healer among the Japanese divinities is Binzuru. A remark concerning a woman's beauty cost him the highest sainthood, but he was compensated for the loss when Buddha bestowed upon him power to cure all human ills. Binzuru is exceedingly popular among the suffering poor of Japan. Believers rub the image of this or some other health-giving deity on the part corresponding to the seat of their own pain, and then rub themselves.—[Photograph by the Keystone View Co.]



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## PICK YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER: EDIBLE FLOWERS.

A FEAST FOR MODERN NEBUCHADNEZZARS.



1. THE LOTUS, WHICH HAS BEEN EATEN ON OCCASION.
2. THE BULRUSH, FROM THE POLLEN OF THE FLOWERS OF WHICH THE NEW ZEALAND NATIVES MAKE CAKE.
3. THE SAFFRON CROCUS, THE STAMENS OF THE FLOWERS OF WHICH ARE MADE INTO CAKES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.
4. THE COWSLIP, ONCE USED FOR FRYING WITH FISH; NOW MADE INTO TEA, WINE, AND SALADS, OR CRYSTALLISED.
5. THE VIOLET, EATEN IN CRYSTALLISED FORM.
6. THE ROSE, EATEN IN CRYSTALLISED FORM, OR AS PART OF A SALAD.
7. THE GARDEN MARIGOLD, ONCE MUCH USED IN SOUPS AND SALADS.
8. THE NASTURTIUM, AN INGREDIENT IN SALADS.
9. THE CHRYSANTHEMUM, SERVED AS A SALAD IN CHINA AND JAPAN.
10. NEW ZEALAND FLAX, FROM THE FLOWERS OF WHICH THE NATIVES BREW A SWEET DRINK.
11. THE HOP, USED NOT ONLY IN BEER-MAKING, BUT (IN BOHEMIA) AS A SALAD.
12. THE SUNFLOWER, THE SEEDS OF WHICH ARE EATEN.

Many flowers are used in one form or another for eating, and a selection of these we illustrate. Our information is from an excellent article that appeared recently in the "Daily Telegraph."—[Photographs by S. Leonard Bastin.]





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"THE CHRISTIAN"—"MEMORIES"—"THE TENTH OF AUGUST"—"PETER PAN."

"THE CHRISTIAN" has deserted the Lyceum in order to make place for the pantomime, and is now flourishing at the Shaftesbury. The tumultuous applause with which it was received in its new home certainly seems to justify the sharp criticism of Signor Borsa upon the playgoing British public in his clever work concerning our modern drama. For if such a play is accepted seriously, those who hope for an intellectual drama, or a literary public, may well despair. Perhaps it would not be accepted seriously, if it were the work of an unknown dramatist, or presented without a prodigious amount of fuss about its moral aim. There really seems nothing to be said about the players, except that they act in a style which exactly suits the piece and quite delights the audience; possibly no higher praise could be asked for or awarded under any circumstances.

At the New Theatre two new plays are being given for a series of matinées. The managers, Messrs. Jerrold Grant Allen, and Jerrold Robertshaw, have not been altogether fortunate in their dip into the lucky bag that contains the plays of the great unacted. "Memories," by Mr. George Wilding, is almost a valuable "battle-horse" for the "star" actress who desires a short play in which to exhibit her versatility. Unfortunately, there is a great deal in the "almost," for the work would have to be rewritten in order to take advantage of the effective theatrical idea upon which it is founded. A once-famous "star" actress has sunk to the position of a charwoman; why in her downfall she should have acquired a powerful Cockney accent nobody could explain. Chance puts into her hands a theatrical wardrobe and a make-up box. A longing to use them besets her, and she is egged on by the scorn of a picture-framer, who refuses to believe that she was ever an actress; so she goes through scraps from her old parts, appearing as a pantomime fairy, as Juliet, and so on, and in the end dies of the shock of meeting an old lover, plus the effects of an aneurism. No skill is shown in writing the piece; some things in it are irritatingly tactless; still, if rewritten, it would serve. Miss Rose Yule played the charwoman character quite cleverly and showed ability and versatility in representing the parts in which she had formerly appeared.

"The Tenth of August" is the title of the other play; it was written by Alexandra Von Harden, and concerned a charming young woman who married an elderly astronomer, and had three children. The husband was a selfish prig, and took no interest in anything save his position as a man of science, and his big book which was to render ridiculous a rival star-gazer. The wife was

bored by the husband, and hated correcting his "proofs," and her children seemed to be of no comfort to her; so when his handsome young step-brother came over from the States she was in a very inflammable condition—so inflammable, indeed, that the dramatist deemed it hardly necessary to show any of the love-making that took place before the young people were on very dangerous terms. It was in the observatory that Mr.

Cyril made his declaration, and Christine and he chose the moment on the 10th of August when the fate of the husband's big book depended upon close observation by the young man of the movement of the shooting stars. The husband had a fit when he discovered that the stars had been neglected, and this awakened the conscience of the young man, who promptly hated Christine for causing him to fail in his duties as star-gazer and brother, so in the end the young woman was left in an even more lamentable position than before the arrival of her brother-in-law.

I do not object to the play for being inconclusive, but because, although it had two rather strong scenes, it was ineffective as a whole, and there was too much needless business about naughty children, domestic details, and a garrulous cook—whose part was very well played by Miss Maud Henderson. There is some skill in drawing the character of the wife, and cleverness in the study of the selfish, small-minded astronomer: his part was very cleverly represented by Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw; whilst Miss Nina Boucicault played that of the wife admirably. The love-making of Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Cyril was quite good.

"Peter Pan" is once more triumphant, and, after seeing it on the first night of its revival, one may prophesy that none of the Christmas entertainments will surpass it in popularity. No wonder, for the piece, like its hero, seems to possess the secret of eternal youth. Mr. Gerald du Maurier is busy spending "Brewster's Millions," so there was a

new Captain James Hook in the quaint person of Mr. Robb Harwood, who was quite grimly comic; in the part of Smee, Mr. George Shelton is the most charming of bloodthirsty pirates imaginable; and the Wendy is still the delightful Miss Hilda Trevelyan, so absolutely perfect that the part cannot be thought of without her. Miss Pauline Chase is the third of the Peters, and her performance won a good deal of applause for her. There are not many alterations this year, for which old friends will be grateful, since a work which, like "Peter Pan," has become a classic ought to be left untouched even by writers of genius like Mr. Barrie.



"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE," AT TERRY'S: MISS VIVA BIRKETT, WHO IS PLAYING MRS. WORTHING.

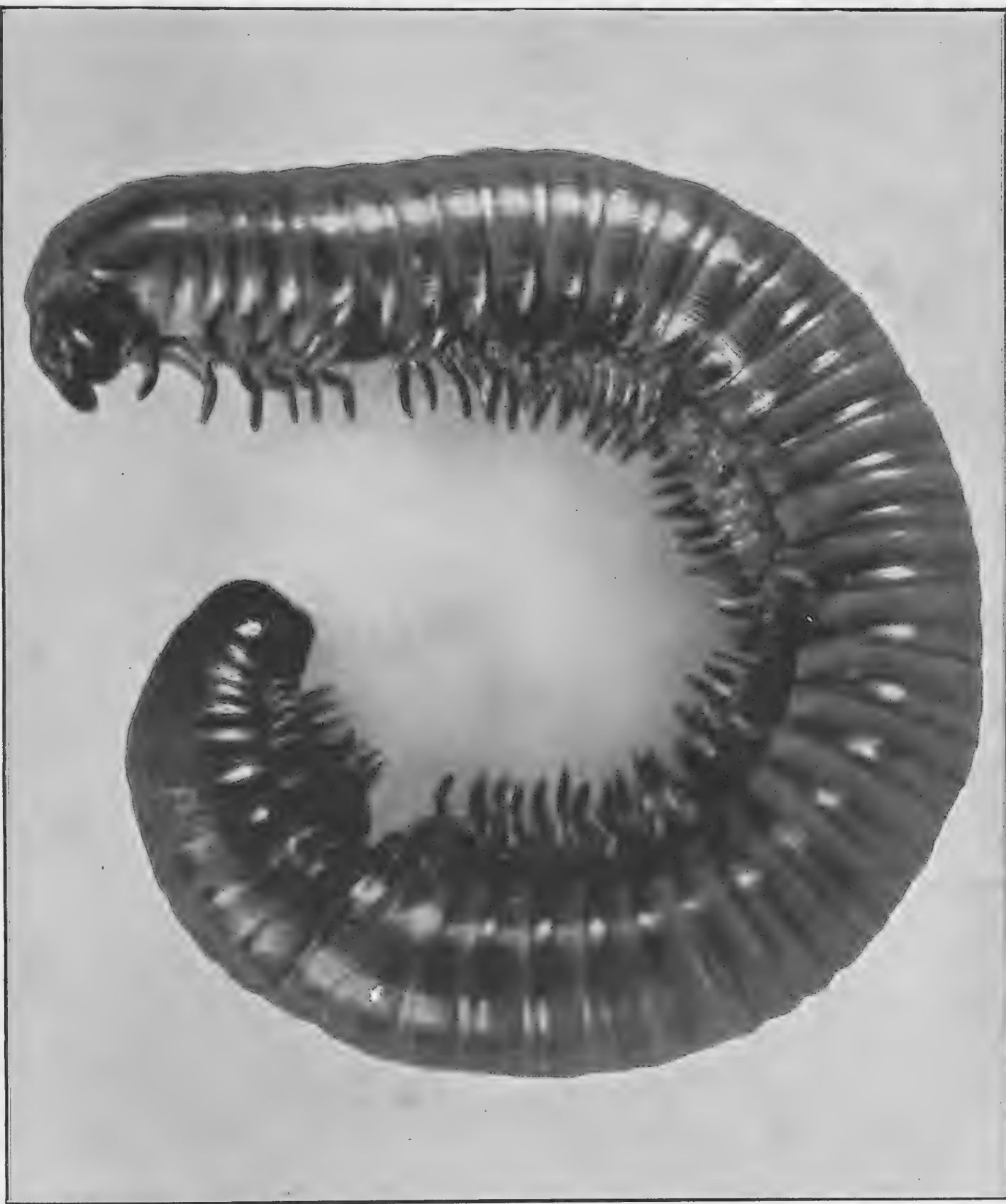
It will be remembered that Miss Birkett met with considerable personal success as Helen Plugenet in "The Hypocrites." Amongst the other members of the cast of "Is Marriage a Failure" are the Misses Lillias Waldegrave and Ruth Mackay; and Messrs. Farren Soutar, Fred. Volpé, Clayton Greene, and George Giddens.

Photograph by Bassano.



## A Thousand Feet in an Inch.

A MICRO-PHOTOGRAPH BY J. INDERWICK PIGG.



"WHICH LEG MOVES AFTER WHICH?"—THE MILLIPEDE, MUCH ENLARGED.

As a matter of fact, the millipede is misnamed. It has very many feet, but not nearly a thousand. The millipede is found in water, and in wet or damp places, beneath large stones, and so on, and is harmless. In life it is an inch long. It was to this photograph that Sir Ray Lankester referred the other day in "Science from an Easy Chair." "Some years ago," he wrote, "I attempted to analyse, and published an account of, the regular rhythmic movement of the legs of millipedes. I found that the 'phases' of forward and backward swing are presented in groups of twelve pairs of legs, each pair of legs being in the same phase of movement as the twelfth pair beyond it." He also quoted lines attributed to the author of "Lorna Doone": "A centipede was happy till One day a toad in fun Said, 'Pray, which leg Moves after which?' This raised her doubts To such a pitch She fell exhausted In the ditch, Not knowing how to run."



## SMALL TALK



A SEVEN-WEEKS-OLD BABY WHO HAS MADE FIVE VOYAGES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MISS BUD STONE. The baby has just made her fifth voyage across the Atlantic, on the "Mauretania."

NEXT week (Jan. 2) the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will receive a great send-off on their departure for Malta. A most interesting new Command, stretching from Gibraltar along the Mediterranean, and then south by Khartoum, has been created, and the first holder of the office is the gallant royal soldier who has always taken his profession so seriously, and has served the Empire so well both at home

and abroad. The Duke and Duchess will have their headquarters in Malta, and the season there will be exceptionally brilliant in consequence—indeed, it may well be that Valetta will rival Cairo as a health-resort. The famous island is already agreeably connected with our royal family, for there the Duke of Connaught's elder brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, was at one time stationed—a fact which is commemorated in the name of one of the King's nieces, who bears the pretty name of Melita.

*Mr. Gillett, of the Bachelors' Club.* Mr. Gillett, who, although he was one of the original founders of the Bachelors' Club, is still one of the most cheerful and alert of men-about-town, is in a social sense a great celebrity. It may be doubted if, since the death of Lord Houghton, there has been any Londoner who can claim so wide a popularity with so many people. He is the most hospitable of men, and the most noted of his entertainments are lectures or causeries dealing with whatever may be the topic of the hour, and illustrated with the aid of a magic-lantern. Thus of late he has instructed the denizens of the smart world of Belgravia and Mayfair concerning the marvels of radium. Mr. Gillett, like another delightful bachelor host, the famous Sam Rogers, is a banker; and, in a sense, the whole business world has long been his debtor, for it was he who organised that mysterious financial entity known as the Clearing House.

*A New Engagement.* Miss Armine Gordon, the only daughter of the late Lord Granville Gordon and his first wife, is engaged to Mr. L. L. Faudel-Phillips. Miss Gordon is as clever and original as was her popular mother, who, as "Ivy," opened the first hat-shop started by an amateur tradeswoman. The experiment was brilliantly successful, and owed much to the kindly patronage of the then Princess of Wales. Mr. Faudel-Phillips's bride-elect is, of course, a niece of Lord Huntly and of

Lady Lonsdale, and her marriage will be one of the smart functions of 1908.

### Superstitious Parisians.

Parisians are nothing if not superstitious. The fact that Friday was joined to the thirteenth of the month was quite sufficient, the inhabitants of Lutetia think, to cause the tempests which strewed our coasts with wreck. A sinister emblem, too, appeared in the half-masted flag at the Presidential Palace of the Elysée.

Devout Christians crossed themselves as they passed by, hoping that the national disaster of which the symbol of mourning was a sign was not of a very widespread character. Then inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that the gale had lowered the flag by breaking one of the ropes of the flag-staff, and that there had been no event to plunge the country into tears. Fortune-telling has an immense vogue at this end of the year. The best known of the prophetesses is Madame de Thèbes, who is very famous, and has read the palms of the present King of England and of other monarchs, as well as being adviser-in-ordinary to Sarah Bernhardt. She predicts all sorts of unpleasant things for 1908, and, according to her, poor humanity is in for a hot time of it. There is another woman whose predictions are so universally true that her clientèle is positively spoiled. Women, especially hesitate to go to see her, because they fear to have their happiness upset by the sibyl's uncanny knowledge of the future.

MISS ARMINE GORDON, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LORD GRANVILLE GORDON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. L. L. FAUDEL-PHILLIPS.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



A MINISTERIAL WEDDING IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE HON. JACOB DE VILLIERS, MINISTER OF MINES AND ATTORNEY GENERAL, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MARIA ROUX MEINTJES.

The wedding took place on November 20th, at the Dutch Reformed Church, Pretoria.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



THE CREATOR OF RADIUM TEAS: MR. WILLIAM GILLETT, OF THE BACHELORS'.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

### The Paris Penny Toy.

The penny toy has lived, it seems. This sad and pregnant truth has come to us from an inspection of the Paris Boulevard Fair. Time was when every stall maintained its load of tiny and inexpensive objects for Nursery-land, but to-day that is all finished. There is a bad slump in the penny-toy trade. The baby nowadays calls, not for the simple little figure in tin, the furniture of the doll's-house, and the like, but for gas-engines, whirligig air-ships, motor-cars that blow up, and something really scientific and modern. The French baby begins by being grown-up, and will have no more rag-dolls and such infantile distractions. Perhaps, after all, it is the parents, rather than the children, who demand these things. Science in the nursery means destruction piecemeal, and nothing more than that; therefore the really popular toy must be complicated enough to be worth the breaking.

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OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!

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WOODEN LACE: A SECTION OF THE LACE-WOOD TREE, SHOWING THE LACE-LIKE FIBRE.

The specimen shown was brought from Antigua. On the outer bark of the tree being removed, the inner fibre is seen to resemble layer upon layer of lace.

*Photograph supplied by H. S. Lumsden.*



A MARRIAGE SERVICE: TAKING PLACE ON THE TOP OF A 250-FOOT CHIMNEY: THE REMARKABLE CEREMONY IN PROGRESS.

The wedding celebrated under such strange circumstances was that of Miss Cole and Mr. C. D. Applegate. The bride may be seen in the centre of the group.

*Photograph by Gibson.*



A STRANGE EXHIBIT AT A BIRD-SHOW: A FLYING FOX.

A flying fox was exhibited at a recent bird-show, though how he gained admittance we do not know. He came from India, is over twenty years old, and lives on fruit. When his wings are spread, he measures four feet across.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*



A GOD AND HIS SPIRIT'S BACK-DOOR: A REMARKABLE BUDDHA.

The Buddha here shown was taken from a Chinese pirate's junk, and is of wood gilded. The door was explained by the Chinese, who said that they were not idolaters; they did not worship the idol, but the spirit that could enter into it through the door in its back.

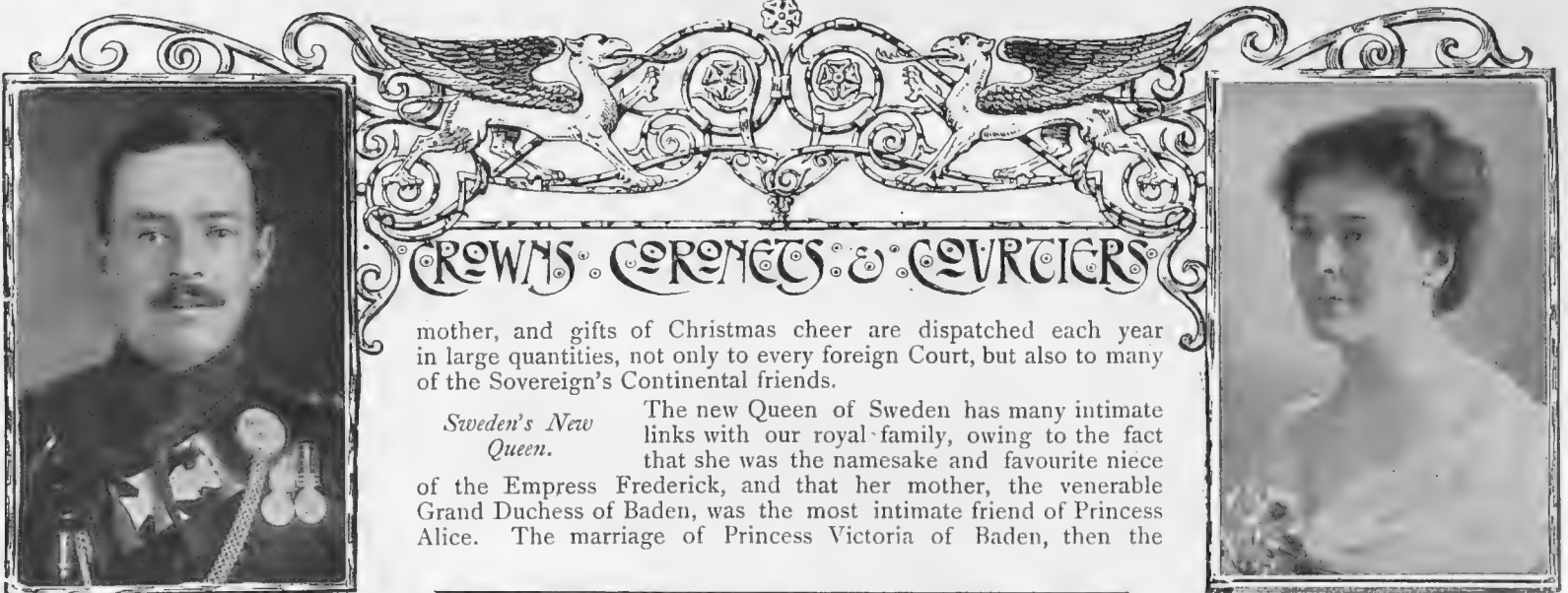
*Photograph supplied by Lumsden.*



MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING BY TRAIN: THE EXTRAORDINARY NEW RAILWAY AT BOZEN, TYROL.

The railway, which is the newest and one of the most wonderful of its kind, was opened to traffic last month. It is 288 metres in length, and the gradient, as may be seen from the photograph, is remarkable. A Zurich engineer is responsible for it.





CAPTAIN EDWARD A. BRADFORD, SON OF THE EX-COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARGARET LOUISA HARDY.

*Photograph by the Canadian Studio.*

THE King and Queen are spending Christmas rather more quietly than usual at Sandringham. The days have gone by when their Majesties were able to gather round them on this great British festival all their children and grandchildren. Duty has called King Haakon and Queen Maud back to Norway, and the Princess Royal is enjoying summer weather on "the Rock." Christmas at Sandringham is essentially a children's festival, and everything is done to make the day one of brilliant happiness for the sons and little daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The King keeps up all the gracious customs inaugurated by his beloved

mother, and gifts of Christmas cheer are dispatched each year in large quantities, not only to every foreign Court, but also to many of the Sovereign's Continental friends.

*Sweden's New Queen.*

The new Queen of Sweden has many intimate links with our royal family, owing to the fact that she was the namesake and favourite niece of the Empress Frederick, and that her mother, the venerable Grand Duchess of Baden, was the most intimate friend of Princess Alice. The marriage of Princess Victoria of Baden, then the



MISS MARGARET LOUISA HARDY, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN EDWARD A. BRADFORD, SON OF COLONEL SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, Bt.

*Photograph by the Canadian Studio.*

to be pacified, swept out of the room and out of the house.

*A New Year's Day Wedding.*

At Clandon Regis, one of the old-world villages near Guildford, will be celebrated quietly, on New Year's Day, a marriage interesting to many Londoners, for the bridegroom, Captain E. A. Bradford (60th Rifles), is the youngest son of that brilliant officer who was for so long Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, and is now an extra Equerry to the King. Captain Bradford is a distinguished officer, and has been mentioned in despatches. His bride, Miss Marguerite Louise Hardy, is the daughter of the late Herbert Hardy, of Danehurst, Sussex.

BUDAPEST'S PRETTIEST AND MOST POPULAR DÉBUTANTES, MILES. KALLAY.

One of the most popular features of the Royal Charity Bazaar held in Budapest the other day was a voting-booth. Votes were given to determine the prettiest and most popular débutantes of the season, and each vote cost ten kroner. The sisters Kallay, daughters of the Hungarian Minister, Benjamin Kallay, were at the top of the poll, and took the first and second prizes—a diamond tiara and a sable wrap.

greatest of royal heiresses, to King Oscar's eldest son took place twenty-six years ago, and has proved a happy one, although the Queen has always been extremely delicate and compelled to spend the winter months of each year in warm countries. Her Majesty is in some ways very like her first cousin, the Emperor William; she received a thoroughly practical education, and she has written some amusing stories and even little comedies, which have been printed for private circulation. She has travelled a great deal, more than most modern Queens, and is particularly interested in Egypt.

*Rival Queens.* Gustav V. of Sweden is an extremely nice King, but there is one thing you must never ask him to do—you must never request him to entertain two queens of song at the same time. He has done it once, and never, never, never again, says he. It was while he was over here seeing England that Christine Nilsson and Jenny Lind, natives of the same country with himself, were invited to meet him at the Swedish Minister's. Nilsson sang divinely until her rival put in an appearance. Then the trouble began. According to Mr. Hare, who was present, Nilsson planted herself at the pianoforte with her arms akimbo, crying satirical "bravas" during Jenny's songs; while Jenny avenged herself by never allowing her rival to return to the pianoforte at all. After supper, the then Crown Prince offered his arm to Jenny Lind, who with diffidence accepted it. This was too much for Nilsson, who, refusing



A NEPHEW OF THE KAISER WHO IS TO SERVE ON A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR: PRINCE SIGISMUND OF PRUSSIA.

The Prince is eleven years old, and the son of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry. Berlin gossip has it that he is to come to England, and to spend some months on a British man-of-war, before making a tour of the world with an English tutor.



HER FIRST PORTRAIT SINCE SHE BECAME QUEEN: THE NEW QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

Her Majesty was Princess Victoria of Baden when she married King Oscar's eldest son twenty-six years ago, and at that time she was the greatest of all royal heiresses. She has travelled considerably, and is much interested in charities.

*Photograph by Schuhmann and Son.*

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMILY GHOST  
FOR THE FAMILY ALBUM.



IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

*Photograph by Bassano.*





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Dickens's  
Christmas.**

The lot of the journalist at Christmas is perhaps as little enviable as any that can be named. One of the stern necessities of the age is that the London daily paper shall be published on the morning of Boxing Day. This means that the paper must be put together on the afternoon and night of Christmas Day. So your London journalist must up and out from home to write, with such spirit as he may be able to simulate, the story of how he found all the rest of the world making merry at the Christmas board. This is the antithesis of the Christmas experience which Dickens invented, or rather re-invented. The man thus circumstanced must therefore seek consolation in the fact that Dickens himself was one of the wanderers in mean streets when Yuletide junketings were toward. Year after year he spent his Christmas Eve seeing the poor at their marketings from Aldgate down to Bow; and each Christmas Day would find him out wandering in the neighbourhoods of Somers and Kentish Towns, watching the dinners preparing and coming in, picturing the "Christmas Carol's" re-enactment in the homes of a thousand Tiny Tims.

**Christmas in the  
Trenches.**

If it be true that Christmas is losing its hold upon Society, the officers in the Services royally keep the day, as far as circumstances permit, when at the front. Sir Evelyn Wood has told us in his reminiscences of a Christmas dinner in the Crimean trenches at which he was a thankful guest. The meal was a culinary triumph, a great effort having been made for the special occasion, with the result that the dishes appeared as if at a mess table in England. He did not know at that hour the horrible privations to which the private soldiers were submitted: how an entire division was dinnerless, how the 23,000 in hospital, starving and dying, suffered.

But with a comrade swore that the day should not pass without their having a Christmas pudding. They bought a box of figs and chopped these up to answer for raisins, and some very rancid suet, and, using a round-shot and a portion of an exploded thirteen-inch shell for pestle and mortar, they pounded up some ship's biscuits for flour. Lord Wolseley was cook, and, instructed by an old soldier, made up the mess in a napkin and gave it to an orderly to boil. Alas! a sudden call to duty made havoc of the dinner arrangements. But though the pudding was only half-boiled, the two friends decided to eat it before going out to battle. They did eat as much as they dared. A few hours later, that dreadful pudding proved more terrible than the Russian shells. Lord Wolseley declares that he could feel, and almost hear, each piece of it rattling in his stomach. He was so bad that he had to start off back to camp. The walk restored him, and he turned again to the lines, to finish his Christmas meditating upon the message of peace on earth, goodwill towards men in mud and misery.

**A Dash for a  
Dinner.**

If conscience doth make cowards of us all, a lusty appetite will make a man a hero. One of the most stirring incidents in the life of the late Mr. Richard Seddon was his bold adventure in quest of a Christmas dinner. It was the habit of the Seddons in New Zealand faithfully to observe the customs to which they had subscribed in the Old Country, and none more so than devotion to the Christmas dinner. Now it happened that the young man who was to make the name of Seddon universally known found himself one Christmas morning utterly stranded. He had made a long journey that he might sit down at the paternal table with the rest of the family for the Christmas feast. But before him there raged a river in full flood. Not a bridge was near;

**AZALEAS UNDER TRIPLE ROOFS.**

The coverings are so arranged that they can be removed on fine days, although they must be kept in place at night.

**WINTER CLOTHING  
FOR TREES.**

But Sir Evelyn had earned his dinner. In the afternoon, while he was speaking to a sergeant in charge of a working party, what was taken for a Russian shot imbedded itself in the wall of the parapet near where they were conversing. They took no notice for the moment, but presently the supposed shot exploded, and a fragment cut the cap of the future Field-Marshal clean off his head, without raising the skin.

**A Terrible  
Pudding.**

Lord Wolseley, who was in the same field of action, was less fortunate than his friend Sir Evelyn Wood. He was on starvation

paternal table with the rest of the family for the Christmas feast. But before him there raged a river in full flood. Not a bridge was near;

passable. Railways, like the

balloons, were still in the clouds. To swim the river unaided was impossible. But he was not to be beaten. In a pasture grazed a herd of cattle. He drove the lot to the river, and seizing the tail of the most tractable-looking beast as she took the water, he made her ferry him over. Wet, bedraggled, and exhausted, he presented a sorry picture when he arrived, but he was there in time for the roast beef and plum-pudding. Had his mission been the relief of a garrison or the rescue of a fair maid, what a poem the adventure would have made!



**ARTIFICIALLY PROTECTED: ROOFED-IN ARAUCARIA.**  
When the weather is particularly severe, the trees are further protected by means of straw mats placed round the supports of the roof.

**PROTECTED BY ITS OWN LEAVES.**

The leaves of the plant are fastened together, and pulled down to form a covering.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."



V.—"ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS."

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.





THE revival of "Robin Hood," at the Lyric, serves to recall the fact that the accuracy with which Mr. Lewis Waller, as Robin Hood, hits the mark with his arrow has been a subject of much surprise to the audience, many members of which, with an innate but perfectly natural perversity, would probably be delighted if he missed. This is a catastrophe hardly likely to happen, for, from the time the popular actor manager was a small boy he was noted for the accuracy of his aim. When he was at school, he was a wonderful shot with the catapult, and it was no infrequent thing for him to bag from four to six birds in the course of an afternoon. On one occasion, he returned with a duck from the Crystal Palace grounds, and with other delicacies sent from home to one of the boys, he and his friends banqueted with the gods that night. When he was at school in Leipsic, he was walking down a street one day with some German friends when one of them offered to bet that he could not hit a sparrow with a stone. Casually remarking that nothing could be easier, Mr. Waller picked up a stone and brought the sparrow to the ground, to the astonishment of the German boys, and perhaps to his own greater astonishment. Soon after the first production of "Robin Hood," certain gentlemen were so struck with Mr. Waller's proficiency with the bow that they invited him to become a member of the Royal Toxophilite Society.

Whenever he is engaged in producing a pantomime, as whenever he hears of a case of coincidence, Mr. Arthur Collins cannot fail to be reminded of a somewhat irritating experience which happened during his early days at Drury Lane Theatre. On one occasion, while lunching with the late Sir Augustus Harris at the Albion, he took the opportunity of describing an idea which had occurred to him for one of the big scenes of the impending pantomime. This was a ballet of dolls, and Mr. Collins was personally delighted with it, for, as he explained, the scene could represent the Princess's nursery, and she could dance with them, while it would be possible to introduce every conceivable kind of doll, from the half-penny rag specimen to the most costly Parisian article. Beyond a disposition to pooh-pooh the suggestion, Sir Augustus seemed scarcely to hear Mr. Collins. Some weeks later, however, while lunching at the same place, he suddenly exclaimed, "I couldn't sleep last night through thinking of a splendid spectacle for the pantomime; just make a note of it before I forget it." Mr. Collins's surprise may be imagined when Sir Augustus proceeded to expound in detail the idea Mr. Collins had previously submitted to him. When he had finished he saw the look of blank amazement which had come

into Mr. Collins's face. "You don't like it," said Sir Augustus; "I can see you don't. But mark my words, it will be a big success." In due course the pantomime was produced, and that scene justified the most extravagant hopes which had been formed for it. A little while afterwards, while sitting in the

Green Room Club, a friend of Sir Augustus's congratulated him on that particular scene. "Yes," he replied, "I really think it is good." Then turning to Mr. Collins, who was with him, he added, "You know, Collins, you're an obstinate chap. I never could get you to believe in that scene!"

Mr. Leslie Stiles, who probably became better known to the great public as the author of the famous "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?" than by all the good work he had done as a singer and actor, is this year to be the hero of an innovation by Mr. Mulholland. In the pantomime the popular manager is producing at the Marlborough Theatre, Mr. Leslie Stiles will play Robin

MR. G. P. HUNTLEY, THE MR. HOOK OF "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

Hood, a part hitherto always given to the principal boy—who is a girl—and he will play it, in part, just as seriously as does Mr. Lewis Waller, although, to suit the different environment, he will add a touch of light comedy, and his songs will be of a light comedy description. Soon after Christmas he will appear in a new light as the producer of a musical comedy called "Plato, Limited," the libretto, the lyrics, and the music of which are all his own unaided work. He is also producing, in March, at the London Coliseum an operetta from his own pen, entitled "The Gipsy Chief."

A little while ago Mr. Stiles produced a burlesque on board H.M.S. *Bulwark* at Chatham, and it was said to be the most successful piece of that kind ever given on a man-of-war. One day he went into the local post-office to send a reply-paid telegram, but omitted to state on the back of the form where the reply was to be sent. "Shall the reply be sent to the theatre, Sir?" asked the clerk. "No," replied Mr. Stiles, "to the *Bulwark*; but why did you say theatre?" The clerk's eyes dropped. "I thought, Sir, you looked like an actor, but I beg your pardon." There was a world of suggestion in the apology as to the difference in status, in Chatham at all events, between an actor and a member of his Majesty's Navy.

When Professor Osler brought forward the theory with which he is popularly but erroneously credited—that a man is too old at sixty—he unconsciously erred on the side of leniency, if one may judge by the following instance: Mr. Fred Kerr's little girl, aged ten, was discussing him with a friend and contemporary, who, amongst other things, inquired his age. "I am not quite sure how old he is," replied Miss Kerr, "but I think he is over forty." "What!" exclaimed the friend, "over forty and still acting!"



MISS EVA KELLY (MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY) AS GRETCHEN IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

MR. HOOK AND GRETCHEN IN PLASTER.  
*From the Busts by Charles Pibworth.*

SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN 29TH OF FEBRUARIES!



THE FRIEND WITHOUT: 'Ow long 'ave yer got, Bill?  
THE FRIEND WITHOUT: That all?

BILL: Ten d'ys.

BILL: Yus! Bloomin' Chris'mus d'ys.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is good to read, in the report of an address delivered to art students by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, a quotation which implies the recognition of at least the wit of Whistler. "I paint what I see," said an apologetic painter to the Master, who replied, "I wish you could see what you paint." Sir L. Alma-Tadema's spirit is one, we must suppose, of forgiveness, for he can hardly have forgotten the exchange of personalities that passed between him, the Academician—and Whistler, the outsider. The Academician called the Master a decorator, and alluded to the ill effect that the yellow walls of his studio had upon his painting. Then you have the retort relevant: "Sly Alma! His Romano-Dutch-St.-John's-Wooden eye has never looked upon them, and the fine jaundice of his flesh is none of the running of my yellows. Tadema-boom-de-ay!" And more of the same sort, hardly worthy of Whistler.

Yet such letters, we suppose, are included in Miss Birnie Philip's appeal. She is collecting, as sole executrix and legatee under Whistler's will, his correspondence, which she intends to publish. Can she expect those who have been assaulted, like Sir L. Alma-Tadema, by Whistler's furious fun, to produce, and hold up to public laughter, the instruments intended for their torture? Few of Whistler's letters are amiable; few, then, we think, will be very cheerfully forwarded to Miss Birnie Philip, care of Messrs. Watkin Williams, Steel, and Hart, of Chapel House, 54, New Broad Street, E.C.

Whistler's boastful declaration, as he called it, that before leaving England somewhere in the early 'nineties, he had completely rid himself of "that abomination—the 'friend,'" will not make those who possess pleasant epistles from him reluctant to bring forward the proofs of friendship. But these are comparatively few, and the salt of Miss Philip's book is likely to be of the smarting kind. And Time, before it fulfils Whistler's description—"the healer of all the wounds I have inflicted"—will have to bring to dust the "Letters of James McNeill Whistler."

May we suggest that the "Letters" may also include the telegrams of the Master? Miss Philip must not forget the famous exchange of "wires" that thrilled from Exeter to Tite Street, and from Tite Street to Exeter, about a supposititious conversation that had appeared in *Punch* in November 1883. The telegrams ran thus—

From Oscar Wilde, Exeter, to J. McNeill Whistler, Tite Street.—*Punch* too ridiculous. When you and I are together we never talk about anything except ourselves.

From Whistler, Tite Street, to Oscar Wilde, Exeter.—No, no, Oscar, you forget. When you and I are together we never talk about anything except me.

The connection between literature and Christmas pudding, commonly associated with Dickens, who loved children much,

really dates back to Byron, who loved them little, except, perhaps, in his rhymes. But the currant comes from Corinth, whose Maid was sung by Byron, and the plains of Marathon, where the poet "mused an hour alone" between the mountains and the sea, have this year been planted with thousands of new bushes for the benefit of British boys and girls.

Mr. E. V. Lucas and Mr. Charles L. Graves have been looking at the Flood and the Siege of Troy and the reign of Henry VIII. through the spectacles of the modern journalist, to their own and, shortly no doubt, to our great amusement. But the reverse of the process would be even more profitable—the opinion of, say, an Old Testament hero on the Fleet Street of to-day.

Michael Field is about to publish a volume of poems. His plays—or, rather, her plays, or, to be accurate, their plays—are many, and a book of lyrical poetry will be particularly interesting.

A pen-name that hides two personalities, and is masculine while its principals are an aunt and a niece, should be a fairly effective mask and domino. But Miss Cooper and Miss Bradley make no great secret that they are Michael Field, and that Michael Field is they. Erckmann-Chatrian afford the nearest parallel in the history of pseudonyms, but their less elaborate disguise was the cause of many more mistakes of identity than Michael Field's has been. It took much to persuade the world that the hyphenated name stood for two writers, hyphenated by common interests and ambitions.

Swift, of course, played a like game of names in his correspondence with Mrs. Dingley and Hester Johnson. He knitted his "sweet rogues" and his affection together under the title of "MD." "Dear little MD," wrote he, or "Naughty MD" might be the equally endearing phrase; and it is quite clear, except to those

whose convention of sentiment will not let them see Swift's devotion consecrated to two young women, that he addressed them both.

"The Hound of Heaven," which is now published in a separate booklet, has, of all Francis Thompson's poems, been signalled out for special praise. I remember a wise friend of mine, a collector amongst whose autographs may be found manuscript poems by Rossetti, proffering the poet a substantial cheque for a copy in his handwriting of that poem; and scribes have written it on vellum, setting its words among illuminations. And it was "The Hound of Heaven" which betrayed Burne-Jones into such absent-mindedness that he dressed, and undressed and dressed again while he chanted it to himself. It was "The Hound of Heaven," too, which, I hear to-day from a half-impressed and half-indignant schoolboy, was read to his class at college by a priest of Francis Thompson's creed.

M. E.



A "GOOSE" CLUB.

SMITH: Look here, Jones, you join our goose club and see what you get—fine fat goose, bottle of whisky, bottle of brandy, bottle of rum, bottle of port, bottle of claret, bottle of—

JONES: Yes; but what's the good of the blessed goose?

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

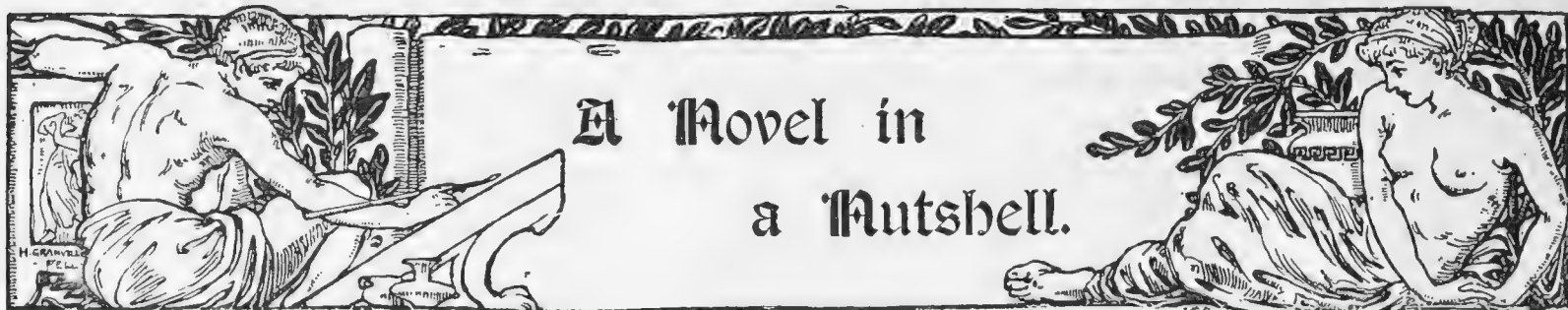
HIS FIRST CATCH · THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



MRS. EAGLE: That will do beautifully, my son. Just hold him a minute while I mix the salad.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



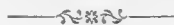


## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### THE CHANGELING: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ERNEST OLDMEADOW.

Author of "Susan," "The Scoundrel," etc.



DECEMBER THE TENTH.—The hall-door closed resoundingly behind the last guest. From the drawing-room, Eva Stavelly heard her husband turn the key in the lock and push home the two great bolts. She trailed to meet him at the head of the stairs.

"Gone?"

"Yes, all of 'em."

She took his arm and led him to a soft place beside her in the Chesterfield.

"Lion . . . wasn't the woodcock heavenly?"

"It was quite all right. Everything went well, I thought. You looked lovely. Who said you couldn't stand yellow? You must go to that Céleste woman again in the New Year."

"She isn't Céleste. She's Gabrielle. Céleste's the milliner. But I can't wait till the New Year. I haven't a thing for Christmas."

"Christmas? That reminds me. It's a pity, but I couldn't help it. At the door just now I asked that poor beast Johnson in for Christmas Eve. Things seem fearfully flat for him at home. Of course, we could put him off if—"

"No. I'm glad—glad for him, I mean, not us. I've been feeling ever so sorry for him all the evening. And, Lionel! to-morrow I'll make the pudding and have it ready."

Lionel winced.

"I shouldn't, pet, if I were you; you'll only tire yourself. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Well, you know, Evie, there's never been a girl born that could do everything. When you play and sing—well, it's, as poor old Bobbie said, 'as broad and strong as a professional, only not spoilt.' You talk—and while they're listening, you can see everyone would crowd round you all the same, even if you weren't so pretty. Bobbie just hit it: 'Witty enough to do without looks, and pretty enough to do without brains.' But when it comes to puddings . . ."

Eva flung herself out of the seat, and sat down uncomfortably on the edge of a chair by the fire.

"I've brains enough to see through flattery, anyhow. It's—it's too bad."

Lionel discerned the oncoming of tears. He ceased to loll and sat upright.

"Now, my dear child, do be sensible. Up to now, you're the success of the year in Elstead. We'd got, I hoped, to a very fine arrangement, and so far it's worked splendidly. It isn't your fault that you can't order a dinner, much less cook one. It's because you're too—well, too sweet. To a greedy brute like me it's a sort of animal instinct to know what soup should go before a *sole Normande*, and what to drink with a partridge. It only takes me half an hour a day to settle everything with Alphonse, and I enjoy it, like the gluttonous brute that I am. Musn't boast; but what do you think the Judge said in the hall to-night?"

No answer.

"He said he had heard of our little dinners, and . . . Well, never mind; but you said yourself the woodcock was heavenly."

Eva achieved a pair of adorable tears.

"I know. You work wonders. That's why they come."

The tears had to be attended to. But, back in the Chesterfield, Lionel held to his point.

"Whatever they come for at half-past eight, you know what they stay for, ages after the cigars and liqueurs are left downstairs. You'd always look an angel, I know, and sparkle like your diamond necklace even if you were tired to death. But, fairly and honestly, pet, don't you think you are all the brighter and happier because you've no stupid housekeeper to bother you?"

"I—I only wanted to make just a pudding."

Lionel tried banter.

"I see. It's been reading Bruce and the Spider. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. Let me think. Married nearly three years ago. First Christmas, pudding like a cannon-ball—"

"That was because I forgot the eggs."

"Second year, pudding as drunk as a lord, and served in a soup-tureen."

"It was a mistake; I put in the whole bottle of brandy. This year—"

"This year?"

"It'll be all right, of course. You order all the rest of the dinner as usual; but the pudding . . . I ought to make it, and I will."

Lionel got up and paced the room.

"Evie, look here. You know I'm the last man in the world to use our hearth and board for outside gain. Till to-night I'd no notion that these little dinners of ours were doing us a power of good. But the ball's rolling, and we should be fools to stop it. Mark my words. The Judge—I have asked the Judge for Christmas Eve, as well as Johnson—the Judge'll be here this winter quite as much as we shall want him. But he's got his eye on me very pleasantly. He knows we never courted him. That's the chief reason why he likes us—after yourself, and my '84 Château Yquem. But there are several good things coming on that I'm as fit for as—as many a man with an ugly wife and beastly wine. So do be sensible, Evie, and don't make that pudding."

The little clock struck two, and the debate stood adjourned.

#### II.

Christmas Eve; or, rather, one o'clock on Christmas morning.

Johnson, a wistful person, six months married to an old maid, who had spent nearly all the time since the honeymoon in visits to her mamma, was just gone home, having outstayed the Judge exactly eighty-five minutes. Lionel Stavelly bolted and locked him out into the fog with a grunt of relief.

He switched off the light. But the pretty flames from a pile of old ships' logs burning in the vast fireplace were enough to light up the gorgeous rugs and bright swords and stags' horns and plates of Delft and pewter which enriched the warm hall. Better still, the frolic freshness played fondly with Eva's yellow gown and handsome shoulders and raven hair.

They met gaily.

"Like old-fashioned lovers," said Eva softly.

"No. Sweethearts."

"Yes; it's better. Sweethearts, and by the light of the Yule log!"

"Yes. And under the mistletoe."

It was so. From an oak-beam overhead hung down a bushy bough of mistletoe, the berries gleaming faintly like a hundred tiny lamps of pearl from among the daintily curling leaves. The olden rite honoured, Eva did not lift her head from Lionel's shoulder.

"Once more," she cooed, "for the pudding."

Lionel kissed her hastily.

"Of course, pet, I was just going to say so."

"Wasn't it a dream?"

"It was perfect."

"And you're not vexed?"

"Vexed?"

"Yes. I mean not vexed that I was so obstinate, and *would* write to mother and get the recipe when you begged me not to. And, oh, Lionel, mother'll be so pleased. I've never told you; but she cried all day when she found I was such a little duffer in the house, and that you managed everything with Alphonse. She told me—she said all men were alike, and you would put up with it for

[Continued overleaf.]

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE GINGERBREAD :  
ART AND PFEFFERKUCHEN.



1. A MOORISH OFFICIAL.  
4. EINE HOCHGEBORENE FRAU.  
5. SLEIGHING.

2. A MOTOR RAMPANT.  
6. THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER.

3. A GERMAN STUDENT.  
7. THE MILITARY AIRSHIP.  
8. SKI-ING.

GINGERBREAD IN EXCELSIS (AND IN "SKETCH" SETTINGS).

*Photographs supplied by the Topical Press.*



a year or two while you were making a pet of me, but that later on— And now I can write to her and tell her all about it, and what the Judge said."

"The Judge?"

"Yes. I told him I mixed it all myself, and upstairs he took my hand—you know he's a dear old thing—and said: 'The prettiest hand in old England, Ma'am, and the cleverest.' Then he told me our pudding—*my* pudding—was exactly like one he got thrashed for when he was a boy. It was so good that he slipped downstairs in the night to steal another slice and got caught. He says he never sentences a burglar without taking off six months in honour of it. But, Lion—"

"Yes, pet?"

"Why are you so hard and horrid? You're not jealous?"

"Jealous of the Judge?"

"No, no, no, silly. Jealous about the pudding—you and Alphonse. You are, I can feel you are. I never thought you could be so—so mean and horrid."

Eva disentangled herself from Lionel's arm almost roughly, and moved well away from the gracious bough with its fruits of pearl.

Lionel seized her warmly.

"Evie, it's ridiculous. You ought to understand. To-night's been important for us. The Judge talked to me, too. There are two Recorderships vacant—decent ones. And he as good as said I could take my pick. In one way it isn't much; but it's good enough for you to get that chinchilla cloak on the strength of it."

Eva snatched up her train and executed a dance upon the hearthrug.

"And it was all my pudding."

"Well—"

"It was, it was, it was! Why, you heard the dear old thing say he would have a second helping—the first time for twenty years! And didn't you see how comfy he sat, with his plump hands folded over his watch-chain, beaming like a baby-seraph, afterwards? I did it, every little bit. And you're a jealous old beast."

"But, Evie, look here. Suppose the pudding had gone wrong?"

"But it didn't."

"No. But I want you to see I wasn't unreasonable when I opposed you. Suppose—"

"I shan't. And on New Year's Day we're going to start fresh. In future, I'll look after Alphonse and the dinner myself. And it's high time. Alphonse is getting unbearable. Take this evening. Every time the water boiled away out of the colander—"

"You mean the saucepan."

"It's all the same. Every time the water boiled away and I put in another jug of cold, he said it ought to be a jug of boiling. And he kept saying the lid ought to be on. It didn't say a word about it—either the lid or the boiling—in mother's recipe. I went upstairs twice and looked. Impudence! As if the best French cook ever born knows a thing about a plum-pudding!"

"Alphonse—"

"Oh, yes, stand up for Alphonse! But if I hadn't come out and— and cried, and if you hadn't gone in and talked to him straight, I couldn't have stood it. I must admit, though, he was all right after you went in

and tackled him. But, I say, Lion. Aren't you hungry? I am—awfully!"

"Have a biscuit?"

"Of course. And a black draught and a lecture about late hours. What a growling, sulky Lion it is, to be sure! I believe the poor thing thinks it's a Recorder already."

Eva danced a few more steps in the middle of the room and began to sing—

Christmas comes but once a year,  
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

She thrust her arm through Lionel's. "Allons, Recorder," she said. "To the kitchen! What fun! It's just like the Judge. We'll go and steal a slice of our own pudding, and eat it on the hearthrug."

There was no resisting. Along the corridor they went, and pushed open the kitchen door.

Eva fell back with a cry. The kitchen was brilliantly lighted. At the table the dutiful Alphonse was still intent upon innumerable knives and forks and spoons. He rose respectfully. Eva recovered herself blithely.

"Good morning, Alphonse! Merry Christmas! We're hungry. . . . But in the name of goodness graciousness, what's that?"

On a small table stood a shallow enamelled bowl. In it was a slab of charred cake or toffee, very dark, surmounted by a big slimy dab of some pale yellow substance like uncooked eggs and flour sprinkled with plums and currants.

Alphonse had too little English to tell a lie. Lionel eyed him fiercely, but it was too late. He answered desperately—

"It is ze poodin' of Madame."

"Alphonse! How dare you? Lionel! the insolence. . . . My pudding!"

Lionel sought to draw her out of the kitchen by main force.

"To-morrow, to-morrow," he said soothingly. "A mistake. Alphonse doesn't understand."

But Eva was rooted dumbstruck before a large cardboard box. It was empty; but on the lid beside it stood out a bold label. The label was lettered—

#### THE STORES.

##### CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

At Quality. No. 3.

Six pounds.

This pudding is prepared according to the recipe of a Nobleman from the finest materials only.

Eva regarded this legend a long time, standing stiff and cold. Then she suddenly weakened and softened, and Lionel led her away.

The mistletoe is a kindly plant, and its hundred pearly lamps beamed gently for many a golden minute upon the little tempest of sobs and tears. When the storm was nearly spent, and the sobs, like billows turned to rain-teased ripples, had given place to tearful laughter, Eva lifted her face, and said—

"You changed it when I sent you to talk straight to Alphonse."

Lionel pressed the black head down again upon his shoulder, and held it tightly with his arm. Then, bending to the little ear, he answered—

"But, it is going to have its chinchilla cape all the same."

THE END.



IN OGRE-LAND: THE NOBLE KNIGHT OF THE MAGIC LANCE  
VANQUISHES THE YOUKNONOTWOTS.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

A KNIGHT OF THE RED-HOT POKER.



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN! HOW ARE YOU TO-MORROW?"

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO.



## SPYING ON SANTA CLAUS.



A WATCHED STOCKING NEVER FILLS.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

**B**ARON Henri de Rothschild may be called the Lord Rayleigh of Paris, for, like the great British scientist, he has started a number of dairies in the Gay City. His object, however, was at first more philanthropic than businesslike, for it was that of providing the very poor with pure milk. The fame of the baronial dairies spread, and soon the Baron counted among his patrons a number of wealthy people. This has roused the ire of the professional milk-vendors, and they have actually brought an action against the lacteal Rothschild, in order to restrain him from underselling them. Baron Henri is an interesting man—a brilliant physician and a specialist on infantile diseases. Some years ago he founded a hospital for children, and as he is a motor enthusiast, he has also gone in for manufacturing automobiles, the profits of the business going to the hospital. Baron Henri is a nephew of Lady Rothschild, and when he has time, nothing pleases him better than



CHARGED WITH CARRYING ON ILLEGAL COMPETITION IN THE MILK TRADE: BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD.

The Baron, who is a doctor, recently started a number of dairies in Paris for the free supply of pure milk. The result has been an action by the Milk Dealers' Union before the Tribunal of Commerce, on the ground that the Baron, while pretending to carry on a work of philanthropy, is carrying on illegal competition.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

to spend a brief holiday in the company of his English cousin. He delights in our great clean hospitals, and is always on the look-out for any new discovery and invention affecting the science of health.

*Miles and Millions.* When you see a group of children such as our portrait of the younger generations of Vanderbilt, Whitney, Hitchcock, and Morgan represents, you cannot but wonder what

hitherto her appearance in public has been the signal for the man in the street to disappear.

*Lady Warwick's Memoirs.* The news that Lady Warwick, who is still young as youth is counted nowadays, is about to tread in the footsteps of Lady Dorothy Neville, and publish a volume of memoirs or recollections, has aroused much interest. Since the days when, as Miss Maynard, she was the loveliest debutante seen for a whole generation in Society, she has had unique opportunities of meeting interesting and famous people. Even as Lady Brooke, her house parties were noted, and cleverness of every sort and kind has always attracted her. The promised volume will not be the first book of the lovely châtelaine of Warwick Castle, but she has never yet attempted either a work of fiction or a volume of memoirs. One of the most interesting chapters in the forthcoming work should be the writer's personal impression of the late Cecil Rhodes; that great Empire-builder is said to have considered Lady Warwick the cleverest woman he had ever met; he was godfather to one of her children, and remained on intimate terms of friendship with herself and Lord Warwick to the end of his life. As a young girl Lady Warwick was thrown much with the royal family, and she will doubtless have something new and noteworthy to say concerning the personality of Queen Victoria.

*Graduated Menus.* Intending visitors to the first hotel to the Abyssinian himself, as a concession, eats his meats cooked; but his servant is the better man, and cleaves with inalienable affection to the national Ethiopian dish, which is raw flesh, and plenty of it. A couple of hearty natives will eat a sheep in the course of a night, and that without troubling the cook. They devour the flesh, well seasoned with red pepper, warm from the newly slain animal. The Emperor and his lady, however, eat pretty much what we eat, except that they begin their meal with bread-stuffs loaded with pepper, instead of taking oysters or anchovies. A wonderful woman is the Empress. Menelik is her fifth husband, and she seems to have absorbed the wisdom of all his predecessors. She is the great power behind the throne. But her dining publicly in her hotel is a novelty;



THE DEAD REPRESENTED BY THE LIVING FOR A MONUMENT: A MODEL STANDING FOR THE FIGURE OF ZOLA.

The memorial is by Constantin Meunier and Alexandre Charpentier. The group on the left posed for "Fécondité."

fate has in store for these of her little favourites. The plea that sons should be left to fend for themselves, and that daughters should be heavily dowered, does not always work out well, as the marriages of American millionairesses to Continental spendthrifts prove. The problem is a difficult one. The house of Rothschild is one of the few successfully to solve it. There is never a poor or spendthrift or improvident Rothschild; son succeeds father, and adds to the family wealth, like Prince Royal succeeding King and adding to Empire. They are born to knowledge of their responsibility. Now the Field children, to whom enormous fortunes will come, are being reared in ignorance of their wealth. Will they be the better qualified wisely to handle their money; or is it safer to let children know "Here we are, representing twenty million dollars"? Mr. Carnegie is on the side of the Field experiment,



CHILDREN WORTH TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT: YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE VANDERBILT, WHITNEY, MORGAN, AND HITCHCOCK FAMILIES.

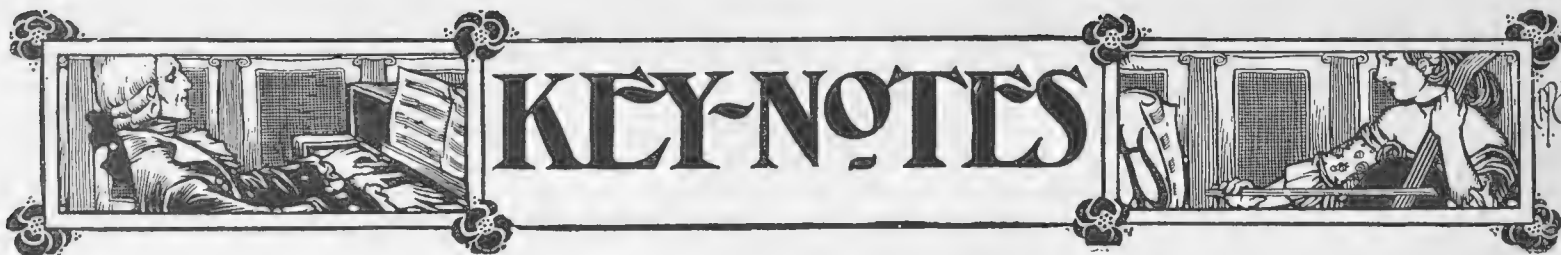
Photograph by the Press Photo. Co.



THE NEWEST FORM OF THE THEATRICAL PHOTOGRAPH: PORTRAITS IN A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR A CABARET ARTISTIQUE.

The portraits are of the singers who appear before the patrons of the cabaret.





THE season at which carols are most to the fore is upon us (indeed, it is well-nigh over), and it was a good idea to give a concert at Clifford's Inn Hall, Fleet Street, on Friday last, devoted entirely to old Christmas carols. The selection was chosen from carols going back as far as the thirteenth century, and including Dutch, Flemish, Provençal, Basque, and Burgundian compositions. What a pity it is that the average carol-singer who elects to make the night hideous from about the second week in December to Christmas Eve cannot be persuaded to enlarge his repertory. Most of us have suffered from the attacks of small carol-singers, who, if they were only taken in hand and taught to extend a programme that seems to consist at present of two carols and no more, might get some return other than abuse and half-pence for their labours. In places where there is a good choir and a competent choir-master, the singing of carols is sometimes organised upon a proper basis; certainly the carol-singer has a very large area to range over. Of course there are carols in plenty that have nothing to do with Christmas. You can hear them sung in Wales in the summer-time, and there are plenty that belong to Eastertide; but the oldest known English carols date from the thirteenth century, and some of our best English composers have written charming ones. Of late years collections of old carols have been made by people who are desirous of preserving for the country much simple and beautiful music that might else be lost, or, if not lost, overlooked in the manuscript books of various museums, in which the intelligent student can still hope to find a fair reward for pleasant and interesting labour.

In the course of a paper that he read to the Concert-goers' Club a few nights ago, Mr. Landon Ronald had occasion to refer to the



A TALKING-MACHINE IN AN ART VASE:  
PUTTING IN A RECORD.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*



A PRODIGY AT THE TIME OF HIS DÉBUT:  
MISCHA ELMAN AT THE AGE OF FIVE-AND-  
A-HALF.

*Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Concert Direction  
Daniel Mayer.*

indifference or hostility with which English musicians and English music are received on the Continent, and a good many men who have either studied music in Germany or have been in touch with musical circles there will bear witness to the accuracy of the statement. Even in France very little is known about English music and musicians, while in Italy the ignorance would amuse if it did not amaze. Our knowledge of living Italian composers is not complete, but there is a measure of knowledge, however small; while the Italian who knows all the work of his own countrymen is quite surprised to learn on good authority that there are men in England who can write sound music. Sullivan was quite a revelation to the Continent, but nearly all

the Continental musicians we have met and talked to have a firm belief that English music is not on any terms with either form or melody, and that it would scorch anything but English ears. Perhaps it must be conceded that certain musicians who might, but will not, be named here rejoice in offering the fruits of ripe scholarship rather than inspiration; and that a large amount of music associated with the leading lights of the British academies is not always very far removed from the neighbourhood of dullness is a contention we are not moved to dispute, though much of the music is not half as bad as it sounds. The chief reason why we do not enjoy the respect of our Continental brethren is that we have done nothing that is popular in the way of grand opera, and, as far as the Continent is concerned, outside Germany, grand opera is the standard by which a nation's musical progress is judged. It is not easy to point to an important work of this class written in England since the late lamented Arthur Sullivan presented "Ivanhoe" to an intelligent public that thought it a pity to have an English opera-house while it might have yet another English music-hall.

During the past month we have received, or have seen, certain anonymous communications relating to the distinguished singer who made such a sensational début at Covent Garden in November. The first

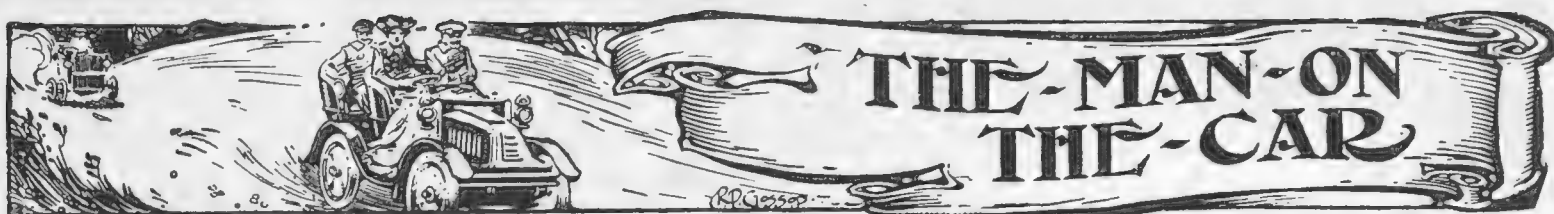
anonymous letters declared that the singer's success was due to a well-organised "boom," the suggestion being, presumably, that the critics of the London Press had been a party to it. This scurrilous suggestion created nothing but amusement, because it is a matter of common knowledge throughout Europe and America that the London Press has a record that scarce another musical centre in the world can boast. Its competence has been called into question by many who have not received the full measure of praise to which they consider themselves entitled, but no charge of dishonesty has ever been made and sustained. Following the first anonymous letter came others, and one was posted to the Press in the beginning of last week. The success of Mme. Tetrassini at Covent Garden has roused very unworthy feelings in the minds of some who, for one reason or another, fear that their interests are going to suffer. One does not, of course, like to pursue this question, but if a campaign of suggestion and innuendo is not brought to a close, somebody may decide to publish all the anonymous communications that have been sent to the Press, and they will not look at all pretty in the light of day.



MUSIC IN A VASE: A TALKING-MACHINE  
DISGUISED.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*

COMMON CHORD.



RACING ON PUBLIC ROADS: A SWEEPING RESOLUTION—ENTRIES FOR THE GRAND PRIX, 1908—THE WOOD-FIBRE NON-SKID—THE SOUTHALE  
COMPRESSION-REGISTER—THE ISLE OF MAN RACE.

IF the resolution passed by the Competitions Committee of the Royal Automobile Club recently—to the effect that “in view of the annoyance caused locally, and in the interests of the automobile movement generally, the Club shall neither hold nor issue any permits for open competitions, other than reliability trials, nor support any closed competitions on the public highway where a speed in excess of the legal limit is a factor, unless such highway has been closed to ordinary traffic by the authorities”—is to obtain, the outlook will be a very serious one for automobile clubs throughout the country. It is agreed that no such competitions should be held in districts where it can be shown, or where it is known, that the local population is as a whole opposed thereto; but this is far from being the case everywhere, and in some places it is indeed quite the reverse. The resolution is altogether too sweeping and arbitrary, and should be resisted *à outrance* by the clubs it most seriously affects. It means the entire arrest of such enjoyable meetings as the Fromes Hill - Climb, which has always been so carefully and satisfactorily carried out by the Hereford Automobile Club, with the whole approval of the authorities and the local people.



THE STRENUOUS ONE TYRED AT LAST: MR. ROOSEVELT (IN MICHELIN TYRES) ORATING.

The “Mr. Roosevelt” illustrated was exhibited by the Michelin Tyre Company at the recent motor show at Berlin. Periodically those in charge of the figure let some of the air out of it, and so caused its temporary collapse, “dying duck” fashion.

Photographs by Topical Press.

I am given to understand that the wood-fibre element concerned in the composition of the wood-fibre non-skid—which is handled in this country by the Hutchinson Tyre Company, of 13, Maddox Street, Regent Street, W.—is giving most satisfactory results, and that these non-skids are rapidly growing in favour. Without actual experience of these non-skids, it is, of course, rather hard to infer just what they will or will not do; but if, as their composition seems to suggest, they will stand upon the glassy surfaces of frozen roads as well as on grease, then they should prove a distinct boon all round. That the wood-fibre non-skid is valuable is probable from the fact that the concessionaires have issued a warning to all concerned that the use of wood-fibre in connection with non-skidding devices for pneumatic tyres is patented on the Continent, and so protected by the International Convention in this country.

The compression in the cylinders of an internal-combustion engine can, of course, be roughly tested by pulling over against the same, and by failing to run the piston quite to the top of its compression-stroke, by retaining the starting-handle against the same for some time, and thus feeling whether or no the pressure is reduced by leakage. The latter can, of course, be sometimes detected by the ear. Now, it is very essential to know whether the compression in all the cylinders of an engine is equal, or whether there is anything like a rapid loss by leakage either past the valves or the piston-rings. A test can now be made quite easily by all who possess that most necessary adjunct, a tyre-pressure tester, and will further obtain a Southall compression-register, which is merely a union piece, which can be screwed into the sparking-plug orifice, and then have the tyre-pressure tester screwed on to it in its turn. By these means, not only can the initial compression-pressure be gauged, but also the amount and period of loss by leakage.



THE END OF THE SPEECH: MR. ROOSEVELT COLLAPSES.

It seems that the Club proposal for what is now generally described as the Four-Inch Race in the Isle of Man is not looked upon with a very favourable eye by the makers, as represented by the Society of Motor Manufacturers. The position assumed by the trade is somewhat difficult of comprehension, unless it be that they are averse from the expense likely to be entailed by the race, and do not think the resultant advertisement to be worth the candle. If this is so, and the Club, giving way, abrogates a most interesting event, for which they have already obtained the permission of the Tynwald Court, it will be undoubtedly suggested once more that our royal body is more than wagged at times by a tail in the shape of the S.M.M. I do hope that, should the trade as a whole elect to stand down altogether, the Club will hold this most desirable event as an amateur competition.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERRY: WILL BACHELOR'S LODGE WIN?—A DOZEN—PRICES.

**M**R. RICHARD CROKER won the Derby this year with the Irish-bred and Irish-trained Orby. Will the winner of next year's Derby come from the disthressful country? I am led to ask the question through the report that a very large sum was asked the other day for Bachelor's Lodge, a dark chestnut colt by Tredennis—St. Marguerite. A well-known writer on Irish turf topics was recently asked to find out the price of the colt. He found out, and the friend was somewhat staggered when told "£15,000, or 12,000 guineas and half the Derby Stakes; or, failing to win this, half the St. Leger or Jockey Club Stakes, either of which he wins first." This sounds very much as though confidence in the ability of Bachelor's Lodge to win one of the races mentioned is great. A glance at the Book of Form tells little. The colt has run twice, and each time finished second. On the first occasion he was runner-up to Americus Girl, who was conceding a stone, and won by four lengths with odds of 4 to 1 betted on her. On the next occasion, with sixteen pounds the better of the weights, Bachelor's Lodge ran Temeraire to a short head over five furlongs. The betting on that occasion showed that something better was expected of Bachelor's Lodge than when he made his début, and that something was forthcoming. But with that granted it scarcely reads like Derby form. Temeraire previously dead-heated with Rhodora, who was about a stone behind White Eagle on the Sandown form. A few days after this Sandown race Temeraire was beaten two lengths by Pace Egger filly at Liverpool. The "book" and the price on Bachelor's Lodge are at variance. His career will be followed with keen interest.

One of the most fascinating pastimes with us scribes is to pick a dozen horses to follow during the flat-race season or the jumping season—whichever particular form of horse-racing one cares for most—and to keep a careful eye on the doings of the dozen. Last January I published the names of twelve horses that seemed likely to pay their way, and, incidentally, to put a little money into the pockets of the faithful; and a correspondent reminds me with glee (I think he must have had a balance on the right side) that, by backing them for an equal stake each time they ran, he made a useful profit. The best winners were The White Knight, Radium, and Land League; but, as my correspondent points out, "it required more than ordinary courage to back Radium to beat The White Knight at Newmarket and The White Knight to beat Polar Star at Epsom. However, all's well that ends well." The other horses



A SIKH SANDOW: AN INDIAN STRONG MAN AND HIS NAIL-STUDED AND CHAIN-WRAPPED CLUBS.

The largest of the clubs weighs 640 lb.; the smallest, 160 lb.  
Copyright Stereograph by H. C. White Co., London.



HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR ENDURANCE CLUB-SWINGING: MISS ALMA VERNON, MAKER OF THE FINEST TIME—39 HOURS.

Miss Alma Vernon recently challenged Miss Victoria Seddon, who held the world's record for endurance club-swinging with a time of 36 hours, and beat this time by three hours. In the last hour of the contest she caused her clubs to make 350 revolutions a minute. Miss Vernon is a daughter of Mr. Vernon Reid, the Australian tenor, who was well known in Johannesburg before the last war.—[Photograph by the Realistic Photo. Co.]

that showed a winning balance were Beppo and Baltinglass, and the profit on this couple, with that on those previously mentioned, more than covered the loss on the others, which included Kaffir Chief and Malua.

On a Continental list just received I notice that 25 to 1 is the price offered against Kaffir Chief for the Lincolnshire Handicap. This horse does well in autumn and spring, and should he be entered—the conditions on this list, by the way, are "all in, enter or not"—and get a reasonable weight, he is sure to be a big public fancy. This year he carried 7 st 8 lb. and ran second to Ob, with Rifleite third, and the obviously unready Velocity unplaced in an otherwise poor field. After a few other failures, Kaffir Chief won a mile handicap on the last day of the season with a fair amount of ease from Son of the Marsh, to whom he was conceding 16 lb.; Royal Lass, who was giving away 5 lb. (she had won a race a few days before); Roseate Dawn, and others. The little punters are sure to remember this form. Other horses on the list are offered at from 33 to 1 to 50 to 1, and about those not quoted the happy speculator is able to obtain the gigantic odds of 66 to 1, which, in these days of pinched prices, is, I suppose, something for which to be thankful.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, who kept his sixty-seventh birthday the other day, has had the story of Hermit's Derby told more often than the story of any other man alive. Yet there is a part of it still unknown—the generous way in which he behaved in the matter. He heard his old friend, "the Mate," as Sir John Astley was called, trying to lay twenty "monkeys" against the horse, and gently informed him that he was an elderly fool for not being on, instead of against the horse. "I will lay you 12 to 1 to cover your losses the night before the Derby, for I stand to win a big stake, and I want my friends to win, too," he said. The horse was reported to have broken a blood-vessel, and went out to 100 to 1, Astley being involved to the extent of £6000 against the horse when the race started. After the horses had weighed in the Squire met the Mate. "Put your losings into your account on Monday to my name, and I will pay them," he said. And he did, and though the Mate afterwards repaid him, the lift, as he said, was an enormous help on a particularly black Monday.

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Frequency of Christmas.

A festival which recurs with such extraordinary frequency, and necessitates a considerable outlay of capital and a display of hilarity to which we are sometimes but indifferently disposed, is bound to become unpopular with a much-harassed generation. On all hands you see people flying away—as fast as trains and steamers can carry them—"to escape Christmas." Now this, I think, is unnatural. There is something charming, after all, in the great family fête, and it is only its swift recurrence which is so disconcerting. For no sooner have you done with one Christmas than another is upon you, and there seems no end to the tying of parcels, the inscribing of books, the sending of greetings, and all the accompaniments—gastronomical and otherwise—of the midwinter festival. Now if we could arrange to celebrate Christmas once every seven years, just as we celebrate the other national saturnalia, a General Election, how vastly more should we not enjoy it! Besides, it is said that the human being changes in every particle once in every seven years, so that there would be a chance that disagreeable relations and "trying" friends would have put on more engaging personalities by the time they reassembled round the festive board. It is possible that in the Socialistic future, when no one may spend more than his neighbour, a short Act of Parliament will be passed to make it illegal to have Christmas oftener than every seventh year.

### Shall We Smoke in Theatres?

If men are to smoke in theatres, it is quite certain that the ladies will have to do so also in self-defence, while those of us who are not fond of cigarettes will stay away altogether. The spectacle of an entire audience puffing cigars, pipes, and cigarettes will be a

singular one, and no one who has been in a second-rate opera-house abroad, where tobacco is allowed, will say that the experience is agreeable. The persons on the stage are seen through a wreath of smoke, and coughing all over the theatre goes on as an accompaniment to the trills and recitatives behind the footlights. Possibly tobacco would have the merit of deadening the sensibilities of the audience and making them more tolerant of second-rate acting and threadbare plays, but it would be altogether against the interests of the Drama to allow our audiences to be narcotised into greater indifference than they already display.

### The Myth of the Mouse.

Some myths die hard, and among the toughest is the myth that all women are terrified of mice. The opponents of woman's suffrage have turned their belief to practical account by scattering mice freely among audiences at political meetings, and if one or two ladies—possibly unwilling to tread on these engaging little rodents—have mounted their chairs, the proceeding is supposed to demonstrate, once and for

that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is unfit to command an army because he, notoriously, cannot be in the same room with a harmless, necessary cat; or that a person who is "afraid" of blackbeetles cannot be a judge of art or literature. Moreover, the mouse myth turns out to be worse than old—it is out of date. The modern Suffragist, it appears, is rather fond of mice, and when, the other night, Miss Pankhurst picked up some of these furry intruders into high politics, stroked them, and handed them over to the reporters, that intrepid young agitator dealt the final blow to one of the most curious arguments ever brought forward to stem reform.

### Pity the American Husband.

Just at a moment of financial crisis, when the long-suffering American householder should have every consolation and consideration, that unfortunate personage is being criticised, discussed, and called over the coals by a predominant partner who ought to show more tact. He is told (at any rate, in the newspapers and at women's lectures) that he is a domineering creature, given to "bossing" his women-folk in a way that would put an Englishman to the blush. I confess I have never seen many signs of this "domineering." In every lesser thing of life—even in those which intimately concern his own happiness and comfort—he lets his wife and daughters have complete control; while if he occasionally asserts himself in the bigger questions, it merely proves that he is not the *quantité négligeable* which he is apt to be considered farther north in New York geography than Wall Street. For the fact is that Brother Jonathan, once married, has a great deal of work and no play, while his wife, at any rate in well-to-do circles, has too much leisure and not enough work. It is significant, too, of domestic conditions that the American's idea of happiness is to steal off to his club and have a good time with what he calls "the boys," leaving his wife to hold forth to all and sundry on every known topic, from Shakespeare to the musical glasses. In short, if he is silent in the face of petticoated eloquence, he has his revenge—and is apt to take his consolations—at his club.

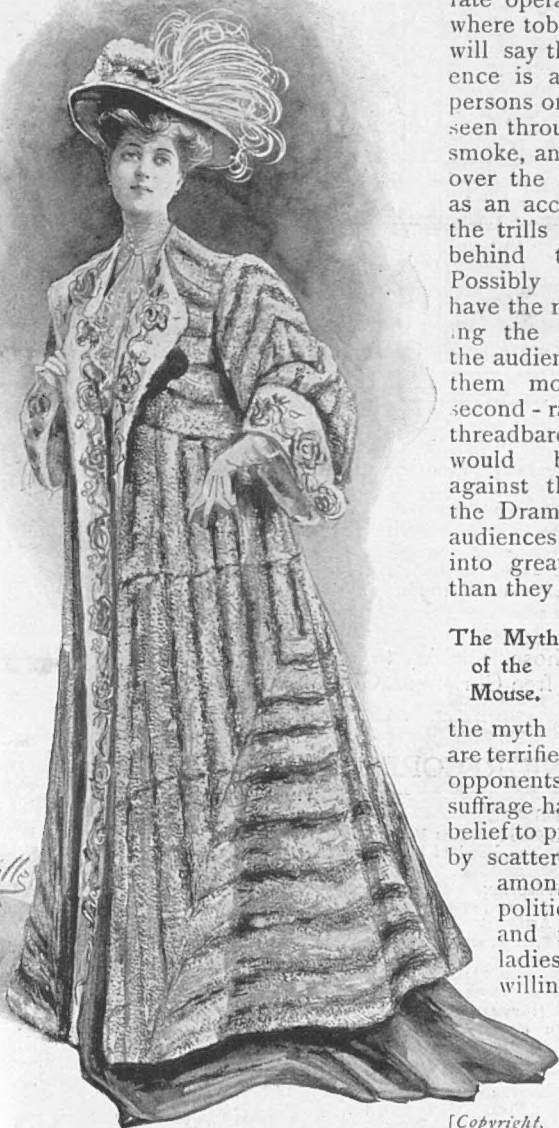
### Coquetry in the Last Ditch.

The delightfully human instinct of coquetry according to a scientific observer, is one of the first to be felt and the last to be eliminated. We all know the adorable vanity of girl-babies, with one eye on their sash-fringe and another on their microscopic latched shoes, and we have all by heart the stories of dying female celebrities, including the witty and fascinating Lady Morgan, who begged her maid to put a touch of rouge on her cheeks, so "that she should not look too frightful at the last." And the desire to please flourishes not only in the nursery and on the death-bed, but, according to Signorina Lombroso, in the lunatic asylum and—strangely enough—in the gaol. In prison, women will scrape the whitewashed walls to make powder for their cheeks, and soak red threads from their blankets to manufacture a semblance of rouge. I do not think that mirrors are given to our female prisoners; but if they are not, it is a refinement of cruelty to which an end should be put. The woman who has given up all interest in her appearance has lost all hope, and with such a being your efforts at reformation are nil.



A SEASONABLE AND FASHIONABLE HAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



A SUPERB FULL-LENGTH COAT OF CHINCHILLA, SKETCHED AT KOSMINSKI'S, 50, BERNERS STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

all, the radical unfitness of the female sex to take any part in public questions. Why this should be held to be an irresistible argument I have never been able to ascertain, for one might as well declare



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WHAT a bustle there has been in the streets and shops the last few days. It was with great difficulty that one got along. Outside Peter Robinson's remarkably attractive windows in Oxford Street it was a case of hustling or risking your life by stepping off the pavement to avoid the throng of ladies fascinated by the beautiful display. To the thousands upon thousands who have been looking and longing it will be good news that this celebrated firm begin their sale of the season on Monday, the 30th, in good time to invest Christmas-cheque presents in charming clothes to start the New Year in. Think of obtaining a smart woollen serge theatre or opera coat, trimmed with velvet and fancy braids, in all the new art shades, bodice and sleeves silk-lined, for £2 9s. 9d.; or one of a limited number of motor or travelling coats, sleeves and bodies silk-lined, in fancy blanket cloths, for three guineas instead of six. There are quantities of fur stoles at all prices and in every instance substantially reduced. In unmade robes exceptional opportunities are offered to those who love to be well turned-out, yet neither wish to, nor can be, extravagant. Also in blouses, women who love to look nice will find much to their taste, and to suit moderate finances. In every department of the huge establishment there are real bargains. The stock is so enormous that the sale will continue throughout January.

This is the time of year when furs become a necessity. We have had cold weather in snaps, generally short. We are sure of it for far longer spells now. "As the days lengthen the cold strengthens," is a true old saw. We are at the shortest now, and the turn upward brings along a falling thermometer in its train, with a sure and certain prospect of easterly winds. On "Woman's Ways" page our Artist has drawn a full-length coat of superb chinchilla. The skins are beautifully marked, and are arranged according to the markings, in a singularly pretty and becoming way. The fronts are lined inside, and so are the sleeves, with white, silky skin embroidered in a design of raised flowers in grey and grey-blue, touched with black, which tones admirably with the lovely fur. It is one of the many fine fur garments to be seen at Kosminski's fine premises in Berners Street. They are furriers who cater for clients of all classes, and never give them inferior furs. Their specialty is so to buy that they can supply really reliable furs at small prices. Their stock is a huge one, and they make coats to order very promptly; while if, in any of their enormous ready stock of muffs, capes, stoles, coats, fur-lined coats, collars, and small ties, alteration be necessary, it is done at once in the best way.

There are dainty women and fastidious men who hesitate about using a fountain-pen because of the filling operations necessary. They say, with some show of right on their side, that you rarely fill a pen until you find it will not write any more. Probably you are in a hurry, and a little fussed with it for giving out at a critical moment, and so your operation is seldom performed without marks. There is a pen, however, which sucks up its own ink. All you have to do is push round a vulcanite band, press down a flat metal bar, release it, and your pen is filled and ready for hours of work with little more trouble than an ordinary single dip. It is cleaned by sucking in and expelling water in the same way. Any ink does, the nibs are excellent, and the Conklin is really the pen of a ready writer.

There is a vexed question in domestic circles nowadays—it is, music or no music? There is no breast so savage as to fail to feel the charms of some harmonious sounds, therefore the majority, usually the wiser, says music. The minority is prepared to enjoy music in its right time and place. It will be universal good news, therefore, that Messrs. Moore and Moore have now adapted their Simplex player, so long known and so much appreciated, to the interior of the piano, which looks like an ordinary instrument to be played by hand, and is actually so. When required, the player can be brought into action, and, managed by a performer with music in him, or her, it is delightful to hear.

Expression is controlled by the pedalling. While a music-lover would hesitate before asking any but an expert to play to him by hand after dinner, he may, with this inside player, delight himself and others, because he can make music, clever, quick, brilliant, masterly music. The firm have now beautiful new premises at 59, New Oxford Street, where their fine instruments, with or without the player, can be seen and heard to advantage. Their own English-made pianos are very attractive, and most excellent value. Quite a delightful overstrung instrument costs only £30. The firm are the inventors of the three years' system of purchase, and they avoid all extra expenses, carriage and tuning, etc. A visit to their fine, light, spacious premises is a great pleasure. They have some high-grade German pianos and other English makers, and some in beautiful satin-wood cases, one of these only thirty guineas. They certainly do give their clients singularly good value. Now that they have come West their establishment will be more get-at-able for the thousands who found it no hardship to go to the City to reap the advantages it offered. The other thousands who believe only in the West, and what they get there, will now be sharers in these privileges.

Many of us have been waiting for opportunities of acquiring clothes at favourable prices to invest in them. These are coming along now, and there is not long to look forward. Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Regent Street, begin their winter sale on Monday, the 30th, and will continue it throughout January. It will give us a chance of securing New Year gifts at a great advantage. Seven-eighth length coats of tweed, lined with fur, at £5 10s. sound tempting, while mole-dressed squirrel coats, with tiny basques and sleeves, at 98s. 6d., will find ready purchasers. There are many bargains to be looked for in the silk department, such as skirts with material for bodices, embroidered with silver mother-o'-pearl and lined with silk, which were considered good value for six guineas, and will at the sale be offered for 89s. 6d. In every department of this huge store very great reductions will be made; the robes offer exceptional opportunities to dressy women to be well dressed at quite moderate cost, and there is a wonderful variety of style.



NEW AND FASHIONABLE FLATS: PARKSIDE, ALBERT GATE, S.W.

It is not surprising to hear that the new building at Knightsbridge known as "Parkside, Albert Gate," is almost full. Its situation, between Albert Gate and Hyde Park Corner, is excellent. Forty-two of the forty-six flats are let, and the names of the tenants are sufficient guarantee of the building's position in the social world. The flats are so arranged and fitted that each, being self-contained, can be left at any time without a caretaker. A splendid hot-water service is included in the rent, together with all rates, taxes, service of porters, etc., and all that the tenant has to pay in extras is the amount of his gas or electric light bill. The rent of single suites is from £300 to £600 a year.

their stock. Those unable to call should write to Messrs. Bewlay for their free Christmas Gift Catalogue.

The portrait of Mlle. Robinne which appeared amongst the beauties on the double page of our Christmas Number was by Reutlinger, Paris.

Those desirous of securing first-class tobaccos, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, and other smokers' requisites should call at Messrs. Bewlay's (of Flor de Dindigul fame), at 49, Strand, W.C., and inspect

## GRAMOPHONE RECORDS RECEIVED: DECEMBER.

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| <p><b>BANDS.</b></p> <p>LA REINE DE SABA. (Gounod.) LES PATINEURS. (Waldteufel.) The Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.</p> <p>"MERRY WIDOW" SELECTION. (Lehar.) BLUE DANUBE WALTZ. (Strauss.) The Band of H.M. Royal Artillery.</p> <p>LIEBESTRAUME WALTZ. (Ertl.) MOTOR MARCH. (Rosey.) CASTALDO MARCH. (Novacek.) MOONLIGHT ON THE RHINE. (Arranged by Dan Godfrey.) The Black Diamonds.</p> <p>BARCAROLLE (TALES OF HOFFMAN). (Offenbach.) SILVER SLEIGH BELLS. Bohemian Orchestra.</p> | <p><b>CONCERT MUSIC (CONTINUED).</b></p> <p>GREEN ISLE OF ERIN. Mr. Robert Radford (Bass).</p> <p>GOD, MY FATHER. (From "LES SEPT PAROLES DU CHRIST.") (Dubois.) Signor E. de Gogorza.</p> <p>MARY GRAY OF ALLANDEALE. (Arranged by H. Lane Wilson.) Miss Susan Strong</p> <p>ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR. (Handel.) Mme. Jones-Hudson.</p> <p>BECAUSE. (Guy d'Hardelot.) Miss Maggie Teyte.</p> <p><b>DUETS.</b></p> <p>THE KEYS OF HEAVEN. BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU. Madame Jones-Hudson and Mr. Edwin Pike.</p> <p><b>VIOLIN.</b></p> <p>INTRODUCTION, RONDO CAPRICcioso (Saint-Saëns.) Mischa Elman.</p> <p><b>BANJO.</b></p> <p>THE GAY GASSOON. Mr. Olly Oakley.</p> <p><b>HUMOROUS.</b></p> <p>MRS. B. Mr. George Robey.</p> <p><b>TALKING.</b></p> <p>APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE LORD MAYOR'S CRIPPLES' FUND. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London (Sir William Treloar, Bart.).</p> |
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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.*

## ARGENTINE RAILWAYS' BOOMLET.

WHAT we hammered away at in October and November was the practical certainty of Argentine crops proving phenomenal—we think that was the precise word—at the next harvest. Therefore you cannot say, unless by some unhappy chance you are not a regular reader, that the prospects of the railway lines in that country were not fully exposed to your intelligence in plenty of time. Others appear to have discovered the fact more recently, with the result that prices have been rattled up at a great pace. Too fast, perhaps. There are many who bought the stocks lower down, and naturally consider that a profit in hand is worth double as much in the New Year. These are the speculators, it need hardly be said. Investors absorbed a deal of the stock as the profit-snatchers sold it; but no market is upheld by investment when speculation sells, for the reason that the latter deals in bigger blocks of stock than the former. Nevertheless, these Argentine Railway stocks are worth buying even now, despite the rise. We would suggest waiting for a flat day; it will come, for certain, and you may as well save a point per cent. in these hard, hard times.

## MEXICAN RAILWAYS.

Many thanks to the unknown friend who cut out and pinned to the notice-board in the Mexican Railway Market our recent bullish observations upon the different Railway Companies of Mexico and the outlook for their stocks. We decline to lay the flattering unction to our journalistic soul that it was this which made the stocks improve. We "leave that to you, Sir," as the cabman remarks when he sees you have been out to dinner. But, seriously, the Inter-oceanic Railway of Mexico meeting was a very useful bull point for Mexican stocks, although for the time being it acted malefically upon the price of I.O. Preference. This was because of the directors' decision to take away the cumulative character of the shares, substituting for them a non-cumulative 5 per cent. Preference stock. Into the merits of that particular question we won't enter now. To get the long-outstanding arrears settled up is worth a sacrifice, as the boy said when his father warned him against the consequences attending an overdose of Christmas pudding. Inter-oceanic new Preference stock should become a sound second-class investment, and the shares are not dear at anything like 11. Mexican Rails, we can only repeat, are cheap. The modest increase in rates sanctioned by the Mexican Government will do much to swell profits, and if the Ordinary stock does not reach 50 before long we shall be astonished. But buy to take up: no bucket-shop gambling, option-dealing, or other little games of that sort, unless you want to lose more money than Christmas is going to cost you.

## A MINING SURVEY.

Darker days for the Metal Market there have, of course, been in the past, but not in the recent past. Lead, tin, copper, and silver are as lustreless as the first named, and when a turning in the lane will be reached no authority we have consulted will presume to say. The American slump has thrown the metal markets completely into the hands of the bears, and with consumption checked on account of dear money and trade reasons, the outlook is difficult to define. Therefore it comes about that the markets dependent upon the prices of these precious (we speak sarcastically) base metals are impossible to prophesy about: all one can do is to hope for the better times which will come again even as they have done in the past. Gold, fortunately, is not subject to such vagaries; but the Kaffir dividends don't have much influence in the way of making prices better. Everyone says it is the turn of the Kaffir Circus to improve. When everyone begins to buy instead of merely to moralise, there will be a rise which stands a chance of holding. Not until then, though. Those of our readers, and they are numerous, who are interested in the Commonwealth Oil Corporation should read the proceedings of the general meeting on the 18th instant. We think they will be found reported in our contemporary the *Mining World*.

## MATTERS MISCELLANEOUS.

One of the shares to which attention has been directed several times in these columns is Hovis Bread-Flour Ordinary. The Company has never paid less than 10 per cent., and earns 20 per cent. upon its Ordinary capital, which has lately been increased. This new issue lowered the price to about 25s., at which the shares are a good Industrial investment, while the 6 per cent. Preference, at a guinea or thereabouts, are amongst the best of their kind in this department. Speaking of new issues naturally suggests the rather awkward predicament in which the Humber Company is reported to find itself by reason of the failure, so it is said, of all the proprietors to take up their proportion of new shares at 30s. The Company asked too high a price, and at the time of writing a Debenture issue is talked about as likely to appear. Our own idea is that Humbers at 25s. are good enough to lock up. Now Daimlers we have lost faith in, and are not smitten with the prospects for the

Darracq or Argyll companies. Cycle and motor shares are speculations, to be frankly recognised as such. Dunlops, we hear from inside sources, are "not dear at present prices"—which is a somewhat vague way of putting an opinion. Here again, however, the Deferred might be locked up as a speculative investment.

The following note by our correspondent "Q" deals with the Antofagasta Railway and the very interesting question of the Chilean exchange. It is said that each penny drop in the value of the dollar meant a loss of £30,000 a year to the Company, so our readers can estimate the importance of the arrangement to which our correspondent refers.

## ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY.

If what is written below should seem at all out of date by the time it is in your readers' hands, they must kindly impute it to the exigencies of the season, which make it necessary that these notes should be in the printer's hands a good while before the nominal date of publication.

There have been rumours for some time past that the directors of the Antofagasta Railway hoped to make a satisfactory arrangement with the Government regarding their tariff, and these are now confirmed by the circular which has been issued announcing that the President of Chili has signed a decree authorising the Company to collect that part of its tariffs paid for in Chilean dollars at a minimum rate of exchange of 14½d. It is hardly necessary to point out that this is a matter of enormous importance to the shareholders. The average rate of exchange in 1906 was 14½d. per peso, but a steady decline began immediately after the great earthquake at Valparaiso, and early this month it had fallen as low as 8½d. The result was that, although the gross receipts of the Railway in currency have been steadily increasing, when reduced to sterling the increased profits have been altogether wiped out. Thus for November the receipts in currency were 2,090,000 dollars, an increase over last year of no less than 553,000 dollars; but, owing to the low exchange, the net result in sterling was a decrease of £3275. How largely the gross receipts have increased during the current year may be gauged from the fact that, notwithstanding the decline in the exchange, there is an aggregate net increase for the first eleven months of £12,086. The liberal way in which the Government has met the Company's case can have no effect, of course, on the current year's profits, and the Company will be fortunate if they can maintain the 7½ per cent. dividend paid for 1906 on their Deferred stock: but it must profoundly modify the prospects for 1908 and future years. The Company, as I pointed out in July last, has been suffering rather from too much than too little traffic, and the only dark spot on the horizon has now been removed. It is too early to calculate the precise effect of the new arrangement of the Company's profit-and-loss account, but both the Deferred and Preferred Ordinary stocks should be well worth buying and putting away for a year or two. Q.

P.S.—There has been some natural reaction in Great Northern Deferred after the rapid rise; but the stock should be well worth its present price, and is likely to go in time to 55. I hear favourably, too, of London Docks Deferred.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GAMMA.—We regret we did not appreciate as well as you did the effect of electrical competition. The hydraulic lifts are, as everybody admits, superior to all others. At the present price, we cannot believe it is right to sell.

CAUTIOUS.—We prefer Babcock and Wilcox.

UNUS.—(1) Yes, the Canadian Company is generally reputed to be a good, sound concern, but the American troubles may damp down Canadian prosperity for a time. (2) The Company is a promising one, and before the guarantee comes to an end should be able to earn a dividend. Very much depends on the state of the rubber trade three or four years hence. You will get a run for your money. (3) Yes, write and ask when you are to receive your share certificate. We have no faith in the concern, and the shares are worth next to nothing.

ALICE.—From your letter it is clear you are most gullible. The whole thing is a swindle, and if you send money, you will never see it again. How can you be so simple as to think you have only to open your mouth and shut your eyes to be given profits of 50 or 60 per cent. a month by people who know you only through the directory?

A. H.—Your letter was answered on the 18th inst.

T. B.—We are sorry we can't oblige you, but in the present state of the New York market we are not going to prophesy as to the immediate future. If the option were our own, we should not close it until the price was better or our time nearly up.

PAT.—(1) We doubt buying more of the Nitrate Company's shares, but it is reported to be doing fairly. (2) Probably, if you could find the right thing; but we don't know it at present. (3) We think fairly good. (4) Doubtful.

E. M. P.—It is a mere "spoof." Believe us when we say that all these blind pools are sheer robbery.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Christmas holidays, we again go to press early, and must ask the indulgence of correspondents who find letters unanswered.

## RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The holiday meetings at Kempton Park, Dunstall Park, and Hooton Park are sure to be well patronised, and some good sport is promised both North and South and in the Midlands. Here are a few selections—Kempton Park, Thursday: Hounslow 'Chase, Basha; Christmas Hurdle, Mystical; Richmond Hurdle, The Drudge; Hampton 'Chase, Druid Hill; Park 'Chase, Ballyhackle. Friday: Kempton Park 'Chase, Do Be Quick; Kew Hurdle, Mysterious; Twickenham Hurdle, Knight Commander; Sunbury 'Chase, Red Cloth; Mortlake Hurdle, Stagestruck. Dunstall Park: Wolverhampton Hurdle, Elston; Juvenile Hurdle, Candelabra; Bushbury Hurdle, Irish Hack; Christmas 'Chase, Sudden Rise. Hooton Park. Hunters' 'Chase, Moynalty, Novices' 'Chase, Veglo; Rossmore Flat Race, Amersham; Westminster 'Chase, Bodger II.; Holiday Hurdle, Ruysdale.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*Mr. Strudge.*" By Percy White. (Nash.)—"The Lady of the Blue Motor." by G. Sidney Paternoster. (Long.)—"Scars." By Christopher Stone. (Heinemann.)

MAXIMILIAN HEReward STRUDGE lives between the lines of his autobiography, and it is this that makes him of interest. Judged by his written word, he is a much maligned, much misunderstood personage; in reality, he is a man well understood and insufficiently maligned. He is the result of an experiment conducted by cranks, and all save those cranks would have termed him in his later years a horrible example. At a tender age he is discovered by Algernon Vyse, who determines that he shall be a pupil at the Pretorian College, that he may be trained to become a useful and active Pretorian, and that his more aristocratic comrades may learn a real sense of equality. He is a prig by nature and an egoist by cultivation, and he seldom forgets his mother's injunction, "Never offend the gentry." So careful is he, indeed, that he does not even offend the gents., unless he feels that an aggressive attitude will further his cause—which, more baldly stated, means himself. In due course he leaves the college, is given a year in Germany and a year in France, and becomes a shining light among the Pretorians, a lecturer on such subjects as "The Pretorian Idea in its Relation to Women." For a time, his pastors and masters retain their belief in him; then, gradually, they begin to find him out, and Vyse, especially, turns on him—

For what has occurred I am responsible. You are my experiment—I am almost tempted to say, my Frankenstein—my monster; and, as I cannot destroy you, I must make the best of you!

In the end, he is discredited; but he remains self-complacent, able to write of himself—

In the following pages I have shown them an honest and candid character unclouded by the amiable subterfuges by which novelists are wont to obscure the real nature of the impossible gentlemen they choose for their heroes.

But he forgets that he, too, is an impossible gentleman, using the adjective in a somewhat slangy sense—a believer in equality, without fraternity. Mr. White's novel is a satire, but rather a laboured satire—on the whole, a little disappointing.

On various occasions Mr. Sidney Paternoster has proved himself a skilled story-teller, and "The Lady of the Blue Motor" will not lessen his reputation on that score. From the purely literary point of view, it is by no means as ambitious as the epigrammatic "Folly of the Wise" or the fascinating "Gutter Tragedies"; from the point of view of the average reader, who asks only to be enthralled, it is all that can be desired. Frankly melodramatic, it does not profess to show life as most of us believe it to be, but, rather, life under singularly exceptional circumstances. Yet if its world is the world as the novelist sees it, it is still the world. Mr. Paternoster has no hesitation in racking the arm of coincidence to its fullest extent, has no qualms in permitting his hero and heroine, his villain, and those with whom they are concerned, to realise in their own persons certain dwellers behind transpontine footlights; but there is a sanity about his sensationalism that makes it possible, if far from probable. He plays on the greatest of all minor human weaknesses, curiosity, and his touch never fails him. None who

begin to read are likely to set down the book until they have finished it, until they have solved the mystery of my Lady Melodé, the House of the Photographs, and the murder of Lucille.

"Scars" might equally well—perhaps with greater effect—have been called "The Taint." It is a story of heredity, a queer, eerie, haunting affair, not always satisfying, somewhat dilatory in coming to the point, but engrossing. Reggie Barker, the son of a suicide, is at Oxford. He is reading hard, and one night he is found wrecking his rooms. The next day the doctor orders him home for a week's rest. Then, on his twenty-first birthday, he is given a bundle of papers left to him by his father.

I am the victim [it is written] of a hereditary, atavistic animalism which has come upon me as the chosen victim of my generation; I drifted into the clutches of the monster unconsciously; I never had a fair chance to fight myself, and I am determined that my children shall at least be warned.

And then the writer goes on to say that for generations his wife's ancestors had been possessed by a demon; that many of them had strangled their wives; and that often he had dreamed a terrifying dream—

Skins were on the paved floor, a great fire in the hearth, and in front of it a man sat on a stool with his back turned to me. I could not see what he was doing. Suddenly the tapestry on the wall moved, and a girl came into the hall. The man was startled, and rose to his feet—something fell to the ground and moved feebly. The man's face was horrible and cruel. He advanced to the girl, who turned to escape from him. He pursued her as she ran, and at last she tripped on one of the skins and fell: in a moment he was on her, and, seizing her with both hands, he strangled her. . . . The climax came one day—a fine afternoon in June, when I was dozing in my chair after luncheon. Suddenly the dream came to me with overwhelming force, and I saw for the first time that the man's face was my own, and the girl my wife.

This is the taint that Reggie learns to dread. Time passes. Again something possesses him, and he falls in a fit. When he recovers he has lost remembrance of everything that has occurred since his eighteenth year. He goes abroad, travels for a time, and his memory returns to him, but not in full. He dreams his father's dream, and in it the man is himself, the girl Isobel Ramsay. At once he goes to her—

He stood up and spoke to her eagerly, excitedly; "You know why I have come? I came as soon as I knew. . . . All these years I was helpless. . . . To-day I found out that you were she, and I am come to claim you. . . . Don't move, or I'll kill you. . . . All this is foreordained. We loved each other before the stars were born. . . . I had forgotten. The fate is not yet fulfilled. You must play to me. . . ." "Play?" she said. . . . "Of course I will." . . . The devil that was in Reggie rent him like the devil in the Scriptures. . . . It was as if his will said "Kill her," and his body could not move. . . . The halter of Fate was about his neck. For a second he was convulsed. Then it seemed as if the devil went out of him.

So ends the main theme, and we are perhaps intended to believe that the demon is exorcised for ever. Yet we feel that Reggie's future is gruesome, inevitable. He has pluck, he has made a great fight, but his father wrote—

The most terrible part of all remains to be told. In twenty-three out of some thirty instances the wives of those afflicted men died suddenly; in five the murder, by strangulation, was traced to the husband; in eleven a suspicion of foul play is mentioned in contemporary memoirs, and in the remaining seven cases there can be little doubt, when the evidence is reviewed as a whole, that the wife was strangled by her husband. Moreover, in all the other cases either the wife died suddenly or the husband committed suicide.

"Scars" is a book that should not be read in conjunction with Forbes Winslow on "Mad Humanity," if unpleasant dreams are to be avoided.

## THE KAISER AT WARING'S.

WARING'S seem to attract the monarchs and the other great ones of the earth. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra's visit set the fashion; the Princess of Wales followed; the German Empress, Queen Maud, and the Queen of Portugal have "made the tour of Waring's," and last, but not least, the Kaiser has been and seen and conquered. At any rate, he conquered everyone in the galleries on the roth inst., with his genial and earnest delight in everything. He had been earlier in the day to the Wallace Collection, and it may be noted that a great many famous people "do" the Wallace Collection and Waring's in the same day. It is a high and well-deserved compliment to the latter that it should be considered worthy of being taken in such distinguished company and at such close range, so to speak. If a man of the high culture and taste of the Kaiser could appreciate and enjoy Waring's—which he obviously did—after seeing the Wallace treasures, it shows that Waring's, which represents what is best in modern furniture and decoration, and which has no compeers in the advancement of decorative art, is in its way as interesting and delightful as the museums and collections which boast all the rarity and charm of the antique.

It is not so certain, though, that the Kaiser's greatest interest was felt in the principal exhibition rooms at Waring's. The little model houses seemed to take his fancy completely. He uttered, almost with an incredulous note, the words "Four thousand marks!" as he gazed around the £200 house, and his eyes spoke a mixture of admiration and astonishment. Without a doubt this idea of artistic, inexpensive furnishing attracted him. Something of the kind was wanted in Germany, he said. But in every part of the galleries he found something to interest him; and his interest was

so unmistakeably genuine. Anyone with expert knowledge of styles could very soon have found out that Emperor William knows a good deal more about the subject than many of the experts themselves. His discrimination of styles and periods of every nationality was extraordinary; and his examination, so far as time allowed, was thorough. His quick glance took in every feature. Lots of things reminded him of similar things he has at home.

Every department at Waring's has its marvels, and few of them were overlooked, notwithstanding the "pace" of the inspection. He was greatly interested in the specimens of old furniture made by Gillow's over two hundred years ago, and their old books containing the details and specifications of chairs and other articles, the manufacture of which has continued without interruption over so many years. He was most interested to recognise two old knife-boxes, of which, he said, he had similar specimens at home. He marvelled at the enormous resources Waring's must possess to be able not only to design and manufacture such beautiful work, but also to produce artistic, sound, and reliable furniture for those who, though restricted to a limited expenditure, desire to gratify their educated taste by buying only such articles as would remain an enduring pleasure to them. And His Majesty referred to the educational influence of the furnished houses and specimen rooms as an important feature of Waring's. They taught people, he observed, what they could achieve in their own homes, and how much it would cost them. Artistic as the Emperor is, he has, in all things, an eminently practical mind. The Beautiful struck him, but the Practical struck him with equal force, and he commented on both, and extolled both. The visit was a great success. For Waring's it was a well-deserved compliment; for their imperial visitor it was, one may judge, a revelation. At all events he congratulated Mr. S. J. Waring with uncommon heartiness, and went away with words of satisfaction and delight on his lips.